FRANCIS GROSE. Esq^r.. F.R.S.& A.S.

Published by Hooper & Wigstead. Feb^y 1^st 1796.

X

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THE

OLIO:

BEING

A COLLECTION

OF

ESSAYS,	ANECDOTES,	EPIGRAMS,
DIALOGUES,	PIECES OF	EPITAPHS, &c.
LETTERS,	POETRY,	CHIEFLY
BIOGRAPHICAL	PARODIES,	ORIGINAL.
SKETCHES.	BON MOTS,	

BY THE LATE

FRANCIS GROSE, Esq. F.R.S. & A.S.

SECOND EDITION,
CORRECTED AND ENLARGED, WITH
A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

London:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

OF the various articles, original and compiled, which form the aggregate of this MEDLEY, the ſeries of Eſſays entitled *The Grumbler* only were printed while the ingenious Author was living: of the reſt it will be difficult to aſcertain, whether he meant to give them to the public, or only to reſerve them for his own amuſement and the entertainment of his friends. To draw a conjecture, however, from the mode in which they were collected and preſerved, it ſeems moſt likely to have been his intention, when at leiſure from more important or intereſting purſuits, to form them into a volume. The publiſher therefore preſumes, that he does nothing more than execute, though imperfectly, the deſigns of his deceaſed and much-lamented friend; with an anxious care at the ſame time, as far as his judgment goes, not to uſher any thing into the world which was merely intended to be kept as an object of private curioſity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Eſſays, written after the manner of Addiſon, and of the various periodical Eſſayiſts that followed him, were, under the aſſumed character of *A Grumbler*, addreſſed to one of the Author's intimate friends, who conducted a newſpaper, and to whom the publiſher committed the reviſal of the whole. The greater part of theſe Eſſays or Letters were printed in the paper alluded to, the *Engliſh Chronicle*; the others, which are now firſt publiſhed, were evidently intended as a ſequel to that work.

THIS OLIO conſiſts of a great variety of articles, in verſe and proſe; many of which were evidently written by Mr. GROSE, others collected or tranſcribed; and ſome, as appear from private letters, communicated by friends. The publiſher regrets that he had not the means of arranging each in its proper claſs, nearly the whole being in the Author's own hand-writing; and particularly that his reading does not enable him accurately to diſtinguiſh the Anecdotes, Jeſts, Bon Mots, Epigrams, &c. which are original from thoſe which are compiled.

A SKETCH

A

SKETCH

OF

FRANCIS GROSE, Esq. F. A. S.

BY A FRIEND.

It was intended in this volume to have given some account of the Life and Writings of Mr. Grose; but that work being deferred to the next year, the following Poetical Sketch, by his friend Mr. Davis, of Wandsworth, may not be unaptly introduced; as it will give to those who were unacquainted with the author some idea of his character and person, while to those who had the good fortune to know him, it will be recognized as a spirited and well-drawn portrait.

SINCE, thanks to heaven's high bounty, free
And blest with independency,
I taste, from busy scenes remote,
Sweet pleasure in a peaceful cot;
While other bards, for int'rest, chuse
To prostitute their venal muse,

And offer incenſe, with deſign
To pleaſe the great, at Falſehood's ſhrine;
Suppoſe for paſtime I portray
Some valu'd friend in faithful lay.
GROSE to my pen a theme ſupplies.
With life and laughter in his eyes.
Oh! how I can ſurvey with pleaſure,
His breaſt and ſhoulders ample meaſure;
His dimpled chin, his roſy cheek,
His ſkin from inward lining ſleek.
WHEN to my houſe he deigns to paſs
Through miry ways, to take a glaſs,
How gladly ent'ring in I ſee
His belly's vaſt rotundity!
But though ſo fat, he beats the leaner
In eaſe, and bodily demeanour;
And in that maſs of fleſh ſo droll
Reſides a ſocial, gen'rous ſoul.
Humble---and modeſt to exceſs,
Nor conſcious of his worthineſs,
He's yet too proud to worſhip ſtate,
And haunt with courtly bend the great.
He draws not for an idle word,
Like modern duelliſts, his ſword,
But ſhews upon a groſs affront,
The valour of a Bellamont.

On comic themes, in grave diſputes,
His ſenſe the niceſt palate ſuits;
And more, he's with good-nature bleſt,
Which gives to ſenſe ſuperior zeſt.
His age, if you are nice to know,
Some two and forty years ago,
Euphroſyne upon his birth
Smil'd gracious, and the God of Mirth
O'er bowls of nectar ſpoke his joy,
And promis'd vigour to the boy.
With Horace, if in height compar'd,
He ſomewhat overtops the bard;
Like Virgil too, I muſt confeſs,
He's rather negligent in dreſs;
Reſtleſs beſides, he loves to roam,
And when he ſeems moſt fix'd at home,
Grows quickly tir'd, and breaks his tether,
And ſcours away in ſpite of weather;
Perhaps by ſudden ſtart to France,
Or elſe to Ireland takes a dance;
Or ſchemes for Italy purſues,
Or ſeeks in England other views;
And though ſtill plump, and in good caſe,
He ſails or rides from place to place,
So oft to various parts has been,
So much of towns and manners ſeen,

He

He yet with learning keeps alliance,
Far travell'd in the books of ſcience;
Knows more, I can't tell how, than thoſe
Who pore whole years on verſe and proſe;
And while through pond'rous works they toil,
Turn pallid by the midnight oil.
HE's judg'd, as Artiſt, to inherit
No ſmall degree of Hogarth's ſpirit;
Whether he draws from London air
The cit, ſwift driving in his chair,
O'erturn'd, with precious ſirloin's load,
And frighted madam in the road;
While to their darling vill they haſte,
So fine in Aſiatic taſte:
Or baſtard ſworn to ſimple loon:
Or ſects that dance to Satan's tune.
DEEP in antiquity he's read,
And though at college never bred,
As much of things appears to know,
As erſt knew Leland, Herne, or Stowe:
Brings many a proof and ſhrewd conjecture
Concerning gothic architecture:
Explains how by mechanic force
*Was thrown of old ſtone, man or horſe:

* Vid. Pref. to Antiquities, p. 11.

Deſcribes

Deſcribes the kitchen, high and wide,
That luſty Abbot's paunch ſupply'd:
Of antient ſtructures writes the fame,
And on their ruins builds his name.
* Oh late may, by the fates decree,
My friend's Metempſychoſis be;
But when the time of change ſhall come,
And Atropos ſhall ſeal his doom,
Round ſome old caſtle let him play,
The briſk Ephemeron of a day;
Then from the ſhort-liv'd race eſcape,
To pleaſe again in human ſhape.

* He was partial to the doctrine of tranſmigration.

Nov. 30, 1773.

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THE

GRUMBLER.

ESSAY I.

The Author's account of himſelf.

IT is an old, and I believe an acknowledged, obſervation, that Engliſhmen, aſſembled in a ſtage coach or other public vehicle, are, at their firſt meeting, ſhy, and apparently actuated by a kind of repulſive power, till jumbled together into a degree of intimacy, that is, till they have reciprocally announced themſelves, their ſtations and connections. This being the caſe, and as I may probably take more than one journey in the vehicle of this paper, in company of ſome of the preſent readers, I think it neceſſary to introduce myſelf to them, to

give them ſome traits of my diſpoſition and peculiarities, with the different cauſes which have conſpired to conſtitute me, what I ſhall for the future ſtyle myſelf—A GRUMBLER.

To begin with my age—I am ſomewhat paſt fifty, and, though of a hale conſtitution, I have nevertheleſs received various bodily items and hints, that I am not exactly what I was twenty years ago. Now, as the idea of a decline is by no means an agreeable one, I comfort myſelf by attributing every ach and pain to the changeable weather of our climate, with which, uſing the freedom of an Engliſhman, I am continually finding fault. I am alſo ſometimes led to conceive the ladies do not treat me with their uſual attention; but this I charge to the extreme folly of the preſent times, which I cannot, however, help condemning.

THE make of my perſon is not a little calculated to produce diſcontent; for though my body contains as many cubic inches of fleſh as would form a perſonable man, theſe are ſo partially diſtributed, that my circumference is nearly double my height; added to this, I have that appendage to my back, which is by vulgar naturaliſts held as a mark of nobility, entitling the bearer to the appellation of—My LORD.

The

The frequent recapitulation of this title makes me diſlike to ſtir abroad on foot; I cannot ride on horſeback, and have not a ſufficient income to afford a carriage, except on extraordinary occaſions.

With reſpect to politics, I am a ſtaunch Oppoſition-man and Grumbletonian, having neither place, contract, nor penſion; bred to no trade or profeſſion, I have occaſionally been the humble companion of men in power, but my merits and abilities have been overlooked by them all.

Lastly, to complete the catalogue of the means of ſouring my temper, after twenty years cloſe attendance on the humours of a peeviſh old maiden aunt, (a kind of Lady Bountiful) and during that time patiently liſtening to the roll of her former admirers, and the good offers ſhe has refuſed, taking all the noſtrums in her receipt-book for different diſorders, ſwallowing her jellies and cuſtards till ready to burſt, ſuffering the impertinence of her favourite maid, being repeatedly bitten by her lap-dog, pinched by her parrot, and ſcratched by her cat—all this in hopes of becoming her heir—ſhe has, in the ſixty-ninth year of her age, thrown herſelf into the arms of

Mr. Dermot O'Flannagan, a Patagonian quarter-maſter of an Iriſh regiment of horſe.

HAVING, from theſe and various other circumſtances, acquired a habit of grumbling on all occaſions, and having neither wife, children, nieces, or dependants, the common objects on whom theſe acrimonious particles are uſually diſcharged, I have, by degrees, grumbled away all my acquaintances, except one old deaf lady, and thereby at length found my error, and in vain endeavoured to correct it; but, alas! it has taken too deep root in my conſtitution. This has obliged me to alter my plan, and convert this diſpoſition to the public ſervice, by venting my ſpleen on the vices and follies of the times. If, by accident, it ſhould in any inſtance produce a reformation, I ſhall have done ſome good; if not, it will at leaſt, in a ſcarcity of news, ſerve to fill up a ſpace in your paper, and ſave you the trouble of reviving ſome bloody murder, or fabricating ſome wonderful ſea-monſter driven aſhore near Deal or Dover.

ESSAY II.

On the improper application, and the ludicrous effect of certain names.

THE buſineſs of ſtanding godmother and godfather to children is a matter of much more ſerious conſideration and conſequence than is generally conceived; I do not mean as to the ſolemn undertaking to inſtruct the infant in the duties of our religion—a ſubject more proper for the pulpit than this eſſay—but I confine myſelf ſimply to the naming of the child, whoſe future comfort, during great part of its life, depends on the name the ſponſors are pleaſed to give it. Battles innumerable await a youth of ſpirit labouring under a ſingular name. The rage for fine names is incredible. Among the middle and lower order of tradeſmen, we find few Joans, Hannahs, Sarahs, Rachels, or Elizabeths—but Anna-Marias, Charlotte-Matildas, Eliza-Sophias, and ſuch other romantic and

royal appellations fill the parſon's baptiſmal regiſter, and liſts of the little boarding-ſchools about Stoke Newington, Hoxton, and Iſlington, where young ladies of that rank receive the rudiments of their education. High-flown names of this kind found ludicrouſly, when directed to perform the ordinary houſehold drudgery. It would be next to impoſſible to refrain from ſmiling on hearing Clariſſa ordered to wind up the jack, and Catharine-Ann-Maria to empty the aſh-tub, or fetch a pail of water.

I remember a ſchool-fellow of mine, who was a ſtriking inſtance of the inconvenience of a remarkable chriſtian name. He was a very honeſt ſimple lad, unluckily called Solomon. His name and mental abilities formed too ſtrong a contraſt, to eſcape the leaſt boy in the ſchool; therefore, not to ſpeak of the jokes with which it furniſhed his companions, it lay too obvious to eſcape the maſter, who unfortunately was a punſter, and who, in correcting him for a fault, could not refrain from imbittering the chaſtiſement with ſome alluſion to his name, or compariſon of his wiſdom or his judgment, with thoſe of his royal nameſake. If he appeared in a new coat, the whole ſchool was convened by ſome wag or other, to ſee King Solomon in all his glory.

A god-

A godfather would do well to avoid ſuch names as admit of any ridiculous diminutives, or are ſubject to vulgar witicifms. Edward, for example, is a name dignified by the Black Prince, and that warlike monarch, Edward III. yet all their laurels ſcarcely avail againſt the ridiculous appellations of *Neddy* or *Teddy* my godſon.

DANIEL, though the name of a prophet, is, as every ſchool boy knows, ſubject to many bye-words and ſcurvy rhymes, which I will not here repeat. If any of that name pretends to foreſee any thing likely to happen, he is jeeringly ſaluted as a prophet; and if he appear uneaſy, terrified, or ſurpriſed, he is ſaid to look as if juſt come out of the lion's den.

PETER is another name---I know not why--- to which the idea of an odd fellow is generally annexed. There is ſcarce a regiment but has an officer nicknamed Peter, who is always an eccentric being, and frequently a ſtupid fellow. Was it not that Greek is almoſt as rare among military people as money, I ſhould ſuſpect it was built on ſome alluſion to the Greek word ſignifying a *ſtone*.

REGARD ſhould likewiſe be had to the ſphere of life in which the boy is likely to move.— Theophilus, Nathaniel, Theodoſius, Obadiah,

Noah, and Michael, are very good names for a diſſenting miniſter, but would make an indifferent figure on a muſter-roll, or liſt of dramatic performers in a ſtrolling company.

On the other hand——George, Alexander, Guy, Sampſon, and Orlando, are exceeding good military names, and convey the ideas of fighting men, but ſavour too much of aſſault and battery to appear to advantage in a court of law. Hard names give the bearers ſomewhat like the external huſk of learning; and Oneſiphorus, Vincentius, Euſtatius, and Deſiderius, look well at the bottom of a legal opinion, or phyſical preſcription, eſpecially if precurſors D. D. L L. D. or F. R. S.

In many profeſſions, it is well known a happy name has been the cauſe of a great fortune. Thus a Lottery-Office keeper, by the ſurname of Goodluck, either real or aſſumed, almoſt monopolized the ſale of tickets. Had he been chriſtened Fortunatus, nothing could have withſtood him. Several pretty little competencies were afterwards picked up by gentlemen in the ſame profeſſion, under the names of Wingold, Sharegold, &c. &c.

ESSAY

ESSAY III.

The vanity of Funerals.

THE good people of England are all extremely fond of expenſive funerals; but this is moſt conſpicuous in perſons of the lower order, and of them the women. Many a wife, who hated her huſband moſt cordially, and never ſuffered him to enjoy one quiet day during his life-time, expends what ought to maintain her family for ſix months, that the poor dear ſoul may have a handſome funeral, a velvet pall, with braſs handles and hinges to the coffin; and will want ſhoes and ſtockings for a year to come, that the parſon may be ſhod all round, that is, equipped with a hat-band, ſcarf, and gloves.

IT is in England only that the epithets of *delightful* and *charming* are applied to ſhrouds and coffins, and that with ſuch energy, as almoſt to make one believe the ſpeaker envied the perſon

for whom they were provided. In the Weſt of England, I knew a number of old alms women each club their only ſixpence, and deprive themſelves of their afternoon's pipe and cogue, to pay for the hire of the beſt velvet pall for one of their ſiſterhood, to whom they would not have contributed one penny to ſave her life, or releaſe her from a gaol.

To be buried, what is called *decently*, is a great object with almoſt every inferior tradeſman or artificer; and a ſurviving huſband or wife, who ſhould expend no more on the burial of their dear ſpouſe, than their ſituation abſolutely required and juſtified, would run the riſque of being themſelves torn to pieces, or interred alive, for having put their huſband or wife into the ground like a dog.

In one extravagance we however fall ſhort of our anceſtors; that is, in the article of funeral ſermons, which are not now ſo much in uſe. Formerly, for a funeral ſermon, many a diſconſolate widow or widower has paid the laſt half-guinea, guinea, or even more, according to the quantity of Latin with which it was larded.

Fashion and foppery affect even this laſt exhibition of human vanity. Particular undertakers

takers are famous for the elegant curve of their coffins, the neatneſs of their feather-edge, and taſte in the hinges, plates, and decorations, but more eſpecially for the becoming and genteel cut of their ſhrouds. Nor is perſonal flattery confined to the living, but is alſo poured forth on the dead; nothing being more common than to hear a nurſe compliment the relations of the deceaſed, by declaring her maſter or miſtreſs makes the fineſt corpſe ſhe has ſeen this many a day.

In London, an expenſive part of a country funeral is ſaved, at leaſt to the meaner people; that is, the wooden rail or head-ſtone, inſcribed with rude ill-ſpelt poetry, and decorated with ſculls, croſs bones, Time with his ſcythe and hour-glaſs, or little blubber-cheeked cherubims blowing the laſt trumpet.

On the other hand, when a ſucceſsful haberdaſher or tallow-chandler is buried in his pariſh church, vanity often prompts his widow or heirs to put up a monument to his memory, under the accumulation of the following expences:— Forty pounds to the herald's office for a coat of arms; ten guineas to the maſter of the free-ſchool, for a dozen Latin hexameters, recording his birth and virtues; and fifty guineas for a

ſmall marble monument. In return for all this expence, the family will have an armiger on record; his epitaph being in Latin, cannot be read and contradicted by his neighbours; and in a few ſucceſſive generations, the virtues there attributed to him may paſs current.

ESSAY IV.

Different ſignifications annexed to the ſame words and expreſſions.

MANY words in the Engliſh language, owing to the preſent perverſion of manners, carry no poſitive or general ideas with them, nay, have even contradictory meanings, according to the latitude or longitude in which they are ſpoken. To know what is meant by any particular appellation, you muſt be acquainted with the age, conſtitution, party, reſidence, amuſements and profeſſion of the ſpeaker.

For want of the previous conſideration of ſome of theſe articles, I had like to have got into

into an ugly ſcrape with a Captain O'Flanaghan who was recommended to me by a relation I have in Ireland, as a gentleman of remarkable honour. On this character I introduced him into my family, and luckily detected him in an attempt to debauch my wife, and elope with my eldeſt daughter, after having, as I believe, cheated me out of a conſiderable ſum of money at cards. On coming to an eclairciſſement, he demanded ſatisfaction, for what he called an affront; and it was with the utmoſt difficulty I eſcaped a duel. I have ſince learnt from my couſin, who has ſerved long in the army, that by a man of honour he meant only a man of courage—one that was always ready to fight on any occaſion, right or wrong.

ANOTHER inſtance I met with in the country. In a viſit to a friend, at a great town in the North, I accompanied him to the public bowling-green, where I ſaw a very genteel looking man, who ſeemed to be ſhunned by every body. By accident, entering into converſation with him, I found him a very well-informed, polite, and agreeable gentleman. In my way home, I could not help taking notice of what I had obſerved; and enquired of my friend the cauſe of this gentleman being thus evidently diſregarded.

garded. "Cauſe enough," anſwered he; "that fellow is the greateſt ſcoundrel upon earth."--"What has he done?" ſaid I—"Has he any unnatural vices? Has he debauched the wife or daughter of his friend? Or is he a bad huſband or father?"—"We don't trouble ourſelves about his amours or connections," peeviſhly anſwered my friend; "but to do the fellow juſtice there is nothing of that—he is beſides both a good huſband and father." "What then, has he committed a murder, or been guilty of treaſon?" "No," added my friend—"beſides, we have nothing to do with his quarrels, and don't trouble our heads with his party; we have nothing to ſay againſt him on thoſe ſubjects." "What then, in the name of Fortune, can it be! Is he a cheat, a black-legs, or an uſurer?" "No, no!" replied my friend, no ſuch thing, but if you will have it, know then, that good-looking plauſible villain, in his own farm-yard, ſhot a bitch-fox, big with young."—Recollecting that my friend, and moſt of the gentlemen on the green, were ſtaunch fox-hunters, my wonder ceaſed.

Nor are the times of the day any more marked or poſitive than other words; but morning, noon, and evening, mean very differently from

from different perſons, and in different places. I remember formerly having received an appointment to wait on a noble Lord the next morning: for want of duly conſidering his Lordſhip's rank and amuſements, I went at ten o'clock; but after knocking full half an hour, was convinced by a ſlip-ſhod footman, that morning would not commence in that houſe till ſome hours after the ſun had paſſed the meridian.

On a ſimilar appointment from a Welch 'Squire, I was at his door at eight, having been told he was an early man; but judge my ſurprize, when his ſervant informed me, his maſter went out in the morning. On enquiry, I found morning in that houſe did not reach later than ſeven o'clock.

An *honeſt fellow*, no longer ago than laſt week, cheated me confoundedly in a horſe. He was recommended to me by my couſin, Juſtice Tankard. On my remonſtrating to him the falſe character he had drawn of his freind, I learnt that with him an honeſt fellow meant only one who would not baulk his glaſs, and could ſwallow ſix bottles of port at a ſitting.

The term of *good man* has, it is well known, an almoſt infinite number of ſignifications, ſome of

of them diametrically oppoſite to each other, according to the different local ſituations where it is uſed, and the perſons by whom it is uttered; but among them all, it is not more ſtrange than true, that it is rarely uſed to expreſs its literal meaning.

ESSAY V.

On the irrational purſuits of *Virtu*.

AMONG the numerous purchaſers of coins, marbles, bronzes, antiquities, and natural hiſtory, how few of them have their purſuits directed to any rational object!

ANCIENT coins, inſcriptions, or ſculptures, are only ſo far uſeful, as they tend to the illuſtration of hiſtory, chronology, or the ſtate of the arts, at the time they were executed. Nor are the greateſt collections of natural hiſtory worth preſerving, unleſs employed in enabling us to conceive ſome of the wiſe and wonderful arrangements of the CREATOR.

THESE

THESE are indeed the proper objects; but I fear the majority of our preſent collectors are actuated by other motives, and rather hope that being poſſeſſed of rare and coſtly articles will ſerve for their paſſport to fame, be admitted as a proof of their learning and love of the ſciences, and at the ſame time obliquely inſinuating ſome idea of their riches.

MANY perſons feel a kind of pre-eminency from poſſeſſing an unique of any ſpecies of virtu. This idea was carried ſo far by a connoiſſeur lately deceaſed, that he has been known to purchaſe duplicates of rare prints, at very conſidearble prices, and afterwards to deſtroy them, in order to render them ſtill more ſcarce.

BESIDES theſe there are a ſpecies of collectors, who ſeem to have a rage for every ſtrange and out-of-the-way production of either art or nature, without having any particular end or deſign; ſuch was the man whoſe character is here given.

JACK Cockle was from his infancy a lover of rarities; all uncommon things were his game: when at ſchool, he would give half his week's allowance for a taw of any uncommon ſize or colour, a double wall-nut, a Georgius halfpenny or a white mouſe; in ſhort, any thing uncommon,

mon, whether natural or artificial, excited his deſire to poſſeſs it.

As he grew up, his taſte dilated, and monſtrous births and anatomical preparations were added to the catalogue of his reſearches. Under this influence, I have known him ride twenty miles to purchaſe a tortoiſeſhell boar cat, a kitten with three eyes, or a pig with but one ear. All deviations from the common walk of Nature, whether of deficiency or redundancy, were his deſiderata.

Being poſſeſſed of plenty of money, it may eaſily be conceived that every thing deemed extraordinary, found, born, or produced, within forty miles of his reſidence was brought to him; ſo that in a ſhort time his muſeum was filled with monſters and curioſities of every denomination, dried, ſtuffed, and floating in ſpirits; and as his poſſeſſions encreaſed, his rage for collecting grew more violent. This purſuit not only ſerved to amuſe him, but beſides made him derive a portion of ſatisfaction from real misfortunes. For inſtance:—Once, when his wife miſcarried of a ſon and heir, he derived great comfort from bottling the fœtus of the young 'Squire. Another time, at the manifeſt riſque of his life, he had a very large wen cut from

from his neck, not ſo much with a deſire to get rid of that unſightly incumbrance, as from the conſideration of the addition it would make to his ſubjects in ſpirits. And not long ago, his wife being with child, was terribly frightened by a pinch from a lobſter, careleſsly left in a baſket. Jack, who really loved her, was much diſtreſſed at the accident, but ſeemed to receive comfort from the opinion of the neighbouring old women, nurſe, and midwife, that in all probability the child would in ſome of its limbs or members reſemble the object of its mother's terror.

His deſire to inveſtigate uncommon objects in nature ſometimes involved him in very diſagreeable ſituations; and once in Ireland, beſides a terrible beating, had nearly drawn on him a criminal proſecution. The caſe was as follows: According to common report, there are in that country a few remaining deſcendants of the people with tails. To one of them, an old woman, he offered a handſome ſum of money for an ocular proof of this phenomenon, and on her refuſal, attempted to ſatisfy his curioſity by force; a ſcuffle enſued, the old woman cried out, and brought two ſturdy fellows, her grandſons, to her aſſiſtance, who beat him moſt cruelly,

cruelly, and to complete his misfortune, laid an indictment againſt him for an aſſault, with an attempt to raviſh their grandmother; and it was not without a conſiderable expence, and great trouble and intereſt, that the matter was accommodated.

ESSAY VI.

Public nuiſances of the metropolis.

SPECULATIVE writers on police lay it down as a maxim, that in all things private emolument and convenience muſt give way to public accommodation: juſt the contrary is however univerſally the practice of this metropolis, and that by perſons of all ranks.

If a lady of faſhion has a route, the public ſtreet is blocked up by carriages, ſo as for the greateſt part of the evening to be rendered totally impaſſable; whereby the mail-coach, carrying the public diſpatches—a phyſician going

in

in haſte to a patient,—or an accoucheur to a lying-in woman, may be often ſtopped for ſeveral hours. It will be anſwered, they may go round: ſo they might, was there any ſignal hung out at the end of the ſtreet, as in the caſe of new paving it; but for want of this notice, carriages attempting to paſs become ſo involved in the *melê*, as to be unable to extricate themſelves. Nor is the nuiſance leſs inconvenient to foot-paſſengers, the pavement being entirely occupied by chairs, whoſe poles preſent themſelves like the ſpikes of a *cheval de friſe*, threatening a fracture to the knee-pans of thoſe who are ſo hardy as to attempt a paſſage. Any remonſtrance or requeſt to make way, would not fail to draw down the abuſe of the party-coloured gentlemen attending.

But to leave the great, who ſeem in all countries to have the privilege of breaking the laws with impunity, let us ſee whether the public convenience is more conſidered by people in inferior ſtations.

How often do we find the foot-way at noon totally occupied by brewers, lowering down beer into the cellar of an alehouſe? Aſk one of them to permit you to paſs, the conſequence will be an inſolent reply, curſes attended with

with a torrent of abuſe, if not a ſhove into the kennel.

SIMILAR encroachments on the public paths are daily made by grocers, cheeſe-mongers, and wholeſale linen-drapers, who in the buſieſt time of the day, in the moſt frequented ſtreets, cauſe the articles of their commerce to be toſſed into or out of a cart acroſs the pavement; in which caſe it requires ſome agility, as well as knowledge of the laws of projectiles, to avoid a blow on the head with a ſugar-loaf, a cheeſe, or a roll of linen.

IF a cart is delivering or taking in a load in a narrow ſtreet, and the drivers find it convenient to drink a ſup of porter at the neighbouring alehouſe, no entreaties can prevail on them to hurry down their liquor, but the public way remains ſtopped up during their will and pleaſure. Nothing is more common than for gentlemen's coachmen to place their carriages ſo as to occupy the public croſſings, particularly in dirty weather. The erections called hoards, built up before houſes under repair, are in general ſo managed as to become great interruptions to paſſengers, as well as harbours to pick-pockets. Was the accommodation of the public at all conſidered, way might be made through them.

IF

If any lodger dwelling up two or three pair of ſtairs, amuſes himſelf with cultivating the ſcience of botany, by means of pots ſet on the leads, it is the buſineſs of paſſengers to guard againſt the water that runs through them, as well as againſt the pots themſelves, which in windy weather are frequently blown down. In this caſe the general ſafety yields to the amuſement of an individual.

I will not inſiſt on the little inconveniencies ariſing to the public from ſervant maids waſhing their doors about noon, ſince that commonly happens but once a week, and does not endanger life or limb. Beſides, the trundling of their mops frequently produces employment for that uſeful artizan, the ſcourer.

ESSAY VII.

Contraſt between the tradeſmen of the preſent and of former times.

WHAT a contraſt between a tradeſman or citizen of former times, and thoſe of our days! To go no farther back than forty or fifty years, a thriving tradeſman was almoſt as ſtationary as his ſhop; he might at all times be found there: "Keep your ſhop, and your ſhop will keep you," was a maxim continually in his mind. Born within the ſound of Bow-bell, he rarely ventured out of it, except perhaps once or twice in a ſummer, when he indulged his wife and family with an expedition to Edmonton or Hornſey. On this occaſion, the whole family, dreſsed in their Sunday clothes, were crowded together in a landau or coach hired for the day. On Eaſter or Whitſunday he might likewiſe treat himſelf to a ride on a Moorfields hack, hired at eighteen

teen pence a ſide, through what was then called the Cuckolds Round.

If in holiday time a friend was invited to dinner, which was not often the caſe, his fare was a large plumb-pudding, with a loin of veal, the fat ſpread on a toaſt, well ſauced with melted butter, a buttock of beef, or, if the gueſt was of the Common Council, poſſibly a ham and chickens. The drink was elder or raiſin wine made by his wife, and ſtrong ale in a ſilver tankard. The meat was brought up in new-ſcoured pewter; the apprentice cleaned the beſt knives, and the maid, with her hands before her, waited at table, ſerving every gueſt with a low curteſy. His wife was dreſſed in her beſt ſilk damaſk gown, with flowers as large as a fire-ſhovel, ſo ſtiff that it would have ſtood alone—probably left her by her mother or grandmother.

These tradeſmen paid their bills when due, and would have conceived themſelves ruined, had a banker's runner called twice for a draft; and after going through all pariſh and ward offices, as well as thoſe of their company, terminated their days in rural retirement, at Turnham-green, Hackney, or Clapham Common; from whence they could now and then make a

trip, in their one-horſe chaiſe, to viſit the ſhop where they had acquired their fortune. The daughters of theſe men were taught all kinds of needle-work, and at a certain age were initiated into all the culinary ſecrets of the family, preſerved in a manuſcript handed down from their great grandmother. The ſons, inſtead of loſing their time in an imperfect acquiſition of a little Latin, were well grounded in Cocker's and Wingate's arithmetic, and perfect adepts in the rule of three and practice.

A tradeſman of the preſent day is as ſeldom found in his ſhop as at church. A man of any ſpirit cannot, he ſays, ſubmit to ſit kicking his heels there; it is conſequently left to the care of his apprentices and journeymen, whilſt he goes to the coffee-houſe to read the news, and ſettle the politics of the pariſh. His evenings are ſpent at different clubs and ſocieties. On Monday he has a neighbourly meeting, conſiſting of the moſt ſubſtantial inhabitants of the pariſh: this it would be extremely wrong and unſocial to neglect. On Tueſday he goes to the Sols, or Bucks, among whom he has many cuſtomers. Wedneſday he dedicates to a diſputing club, in order to qualify himſelf to make ſpeeches in the veſtry, or at the Common Council.

cil. As a man of taſte and cultivator of oratory, he forms an acquaintance with ſome of the under players, from whom on their benefit nights he takes tickets, and at other times receives orders. If he has the misfortune to ſing a good ſong, at leaſt a night in the week is devoted to private concerts, of gentlemen performing for their own amuſement at ſome public-houſe. As a good huſband, he cannot refuſe to accompany his wife and daughters to the monthly aſſembly, held at a tavern in St. Giles's or Soho, and ſometimes to a card party, to play an innocent game at ſhilling whiſt.

During two or three of the ſummer months, he and his family take *a tower*, as they term it, to Margate, Brighton, or ſome other of the watering places, where, to make a handſome appearance, and look like themſelves, they are dreſſed out in every expenſive piece of frippery then in vogue.

If a friend is invited to take a family dinner, nothing leſs than two courſes will go down; beſides the footman, the porter and errand boy exhibit in liveries. Claret and Madeira are the liquors.

On a tradeſman of this ſort entering into the holy ſtate of matrimony, his wife's drawing and

dreſſing-rooms muſt be furniſhed according to the neweſt faſhion, with carpets, curtains, looking-glaſſes, girandoles, and all the faſhionable appendages.

If he has a family, the young ladies, as they are always ſtyled, are ſent to a boarding ſchool, where they are taught to dance, to jabber a few miſpronounced French phraſes, and to thrum two or three tunes on the guitar or piano-forte; but not a ſingle ſtitch of plain-work, for fear of making them hold down their heads, or ſpoiling their eyes; and as to houſewifery, they could as ſoon make a ſmoke-jack as a pudding.

The education of the male part of the family is not more ſenſible. At ſchool they are taught the Latin grammar, and advance in that language to Corderius and Cornelius Nepos, which is forgotten in three months after they leave ſchool. This, with a little French, dancing, and blowing a tune on the German flute, completes the piece.

This ſtyle of living is for a while ſupported by paper credit, and aſſiſted by two or three tradeſmen of the ſame deſcription, who jointly manœuvre drafts of accommodation, and run through all the mazes of that art denominated ſwindling; till at length, overpowered by the accumu-

accumulated expences of renewals, intereſt, and forbearance money, this gentleman-like tradeſman makes his appearance in the Gazette, preceded by a *Whereas*, and falls to riſe no more, but terminates his life in the Marſhalſea or King's Bench, his lady in the pariſh work-houſe, his daughters, if handſome, in a brothel, and his ſons, unable to procure a livelihood by induſtry, make their exit at Newgate, or are ſent on their travels at the national expence—to Botany Bay.

ESSAY VIII.

Frequency of perjury, occaſioned by the laws.

THE great number of oaths, which different laws direct to be taken, has long been an object of complaint. On almoſt every occaſion, in the Cuſtom-houſe, before the Board of Exciſe, and thoſe of every other branch of the revenue, gentlemen, merchants, and tradeſmen, are required to ſwear to the different articles of their

buſineſs, commerce, or trade—often reſpecting circumſtances it is almoſt impoſſible they ſhould at all times know. Nevertheleſs, without taking ſuch oaths, their different concerns muſt all be at a ſtand.

The frequency of theſe oaths, and the ſlovenly, not to ſay irreverent and indecent manner in which they are adminiſtered tend greatly to take off their ſolemnity, by degrees to weaken their impreſſion on the mind, and conſequently to leſſen the horror for perjury; ſo that nothing is more common than to hear perſons, in every other inſtance men of integrity and conſcience, talk very lightly of a Cuſtom-houſe oath. Nay, indeed, it is ſaid, and I fear with too much foundation, that there are a ſet of men who attend at the Cuſtom-houſe, under the denomination of *Damned Souls*, in order, for a certain fee, to ſwear out any goods whatſoever for the merchants, although they never before heard of the articles, or ſaw the parties, and are totally ſtrangers to every part of the buſineſs. But even theſe men have a kind of ſalvo to quiet their ſcruples—that is, to take a previous oath, by which they bind themſelves never to ſwear to the truth, at the Cuſtom-houſe or Exciſe Office. Surely great care ought to be taken

taken to check every thing that may tend to familiarize perjury, or leſſen the popular reverence for an oath. Againſt falſe evidence, backed by perjury, the life, honour, and fortune of the moſt harmleſs man is not ſafe.

LET any one, who hears an oath adminiſtered as it is too commonly done in our courts, ſay whether he thinks that a proper manner of addreſſing an appeal to the great Creator of all things, and whether he would not diſcharge a ſervant, who ſhould not treat him with more reſpect?—Indeed oaths are ſo haſtily and inattentively gabbled over by the generality of law clerks, that the only intelligible ſentence is the laſt, namely, Give me a ſhilling; ſo that few perſons know the exact conditions of the oath they are taking.

MANY of the lower people are ſo little inſtructed in the nature of an oath, that they ſuppoſe they ſhall eſcape the guilt of perjury, by kiſſing their thumbs inſtead of the book; and others conceive, that the crime of a falſe oath is in the direct ratio of the book on which it is taken: it being perjury to forſwear oneſelf on a common-prayer book, greater on a prayer-book and teſtament, and greateſt of all on the prayer-book bound up with the old and new teſtament,

this conſtituting what is properly called a *bible oath.*

PERHAPS ſome plain practical diſcourſes from the pulpit, on the ſubject of falſe ſwearing, and the nature and obligations of an oath, would be infinitely more ſerviceable to the generality of the people, than all the ſermons on myſtical points, that were ever delivered.

ESSAY IX.

On the trade of begging.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enormous ſums collected for the poor notwithſtanding the number of hoſpitals ſupported by voluntary contribution in the city and environs of London, there is no place where the feelings of humanity receive ſo many ſhocks. Every ſtreet, every alley preſents ſome miſerable object, covered with loathſome ſores, blind, mutilated or expoſed almoſt naked to the keen wintry blaſt.

Speak

Speak of this to any of the pariſh officers, and they will tell you theſe are all impoſtors, who, Faquir-like, practiſe voluntary auſterities on themſelves, in order to excite compaſſion, and procure money. Sure this very plea is a diſgrace to our police, who ought in that caſe to apprehend and puniſh them. Should their diſtreſs be real, it is the greateſt inhumanity not to relieve them.

How frequently in winter do we ſee a woman, with two or three half-ſtarved infants hanging about her, apparently dying with the rigours of the ſeaſon!—If humanity will not inſtigate the pariſh officers to take cognizance of them, ſound policy ought; ſince theſe very children, thus educated, ſerve to carry on the ſucceſſion of thieves and vagabonds.

THAT begging is a trade, and a very beneficial one, is well known!? and it is ſaid, that the community is under the regular government of a King or Superior, who appoints to every one a particular diſtrict or walk, which walks are farmed out to inferior brethren at certain daily ſums. It is alſo reported, that beggars impoſe taſks on their children or ſervants, aſſigning them the harveſt of particular ſtreets, eſtimating each at a certain produce, for the amount of

which they are bound to account, under the penalty of a ſevere beating. A remarkable inſtance of this I learned from a perſon of credit, who overheard a beggar ſaying to a girl, whilſt giving him ſome money, What is this for? Han't you been all about Bedford and Bloomſbury-ſquares? I am ſure, huſſey, if Ruſſel-ſtreet alone was well begged, it would produce double this ſum.

In this community, natural defects, or bodily misfortunes, are reckoned advantages and pre-eminences. A man who has loſt one leg yields the *pas* to him who wants both; and he, who has neither legs nor arms, is nearly at the head of his profeſſion, very extraordinary deficiencies excepted;—an inſtance of which was given in a ſailor, who had but one eye, one leg, and no arms. This man, aſking in marriage the daughter of a celebrated blind man, was anſwered by her father—that he thanked him for the honour intended, which he ſhould have accepted, had not his daughter received ſome overtures from a man who crawled with his hinder parts in a porridge-pot.

It ſeems a fixed principle in beggars, never to do a day's work on any account, and rather to run away from a job half completed, than finiſh it to receive the ſtipulated hire.

I remem-

I remember an old Juſtice, that lived in a village in the vicinity of London, who, from his knowledge of this principle, long contrived to have his fore-court and garden weeded gratis by itinerant beggars. As he had a handſome houſe near the road, it naturally drew the attention of the mumping fraternity. On their application for charity, he conſtantly aſked them the uſual queſtion, "Why don't you work?" To which the uſual reply was always made, "So I would, God bleſs your Worſhip, if I could get employment." On this muſing a while, as if inclined by charity, he would ſet them to weed his court or garden, furniſhing them with a hoe and wheelbarrow, and promiſing them a ſhilling when their job was completed. To work then they would go, with much ſeeming gratitude and alacrity. The Juſtice ſtayed by them, or viſited them from time to time till they had performed two-thirds of their taſk; he then retired to a private corner or place of eſpial, in order to prevent their ſtealing his tools, and there waited for what conſtantly happened the moment he diſappeared, which was the elopement of his workman, who rather than complete the unfiniſhed third of his work, choſe to give up what he had done.

done. This method, with ſcarce one diſapointment, the old Juſtice long practiſed; till at length his fame having gone forth among the mendicant tribe, he was troubled with no more applications for charity.

ESSAY X.

On the common errors in the education of children.

IN this commercial country, how much more advantageous would it be to cultivate the ſtudy of arithmetic, geometry, and geography, which at the ſame time as they are the *ſine qua non* of an intelligent merchant, habituate the mind to a cloſe method of reaſoning, and will be found continually uſeful in every ſphere of life. The modern languages are indiſpenſably neceſſary.

FORMERLY a knowledge of the learned languages was requiſite, in order to peruſe many valuable treatiſes written on arts and ſciences; but all theſe are now tranſlated, and many of them better treated in our mother tongue. But for the common occupations of life neither Greek

Greek nor Latin are abſolutely required. A man may meaſure a yard of ſilk or linen, ſel gauze or ribband, or weigh out plumbs or tea, without having read the Iliad or Odyſſey of Homer, the Odes and Satires of Horace, or the Georgics, Bucolics, and Æneid of Virgil; and ſhould he riſe to be a Common Council-man, or an Alderman, he may make a good ſpeech at the Veſtry or Common-hall, without ever having read Tully's Orations in the original tongue.

THE learned languages are indeed generally deemed indiſpenſably neceſſary for the profeſſions of Law, Phyſic, and Surgery; but I believe, on mature inveſtigation, this opinion will be found partly erroneous. For an Engliſh common lawyer, Greek is abſolutely out of the queſtion; and ſince the pleadings have been in Engliſh, every ſpecies of form and precedent may be found in Engliſh. A clergyman and a civil lawyer cannot do without them. With reſpect to the healing arts, good ſenſe, obſervation, much practice, with a knowledge of the human frame, and qualities and effects of medicines, will enable a man to cure a diſorder, although he never read or even heard of either Galen or Hippocrates. Indeed, it is believed by

by many, that a total rejection of Latin, and writing the preſcriptions in plain Engliſh, would ſave the lives of many patients, that now fall ſecret victims to the ignorance of apothecaries' apprentices, who, by miſunderſtanding an abbreviation, or miſconſtruing a ſentence, may miſtake not only the quantity, but the ſpecies of the component drugs; and if this does not happen very frequently, it is not owing to the diſcretion of the phyſicians, who moſt of them affect a very illegible ſcrawl. Surely, conſidering the exorbitant fees they receive, they might not only write better, but alſo give the words at length, at leaſt as many of them as know the terminations. With reſpect to a ſurgeon, if he is an adept in anatomy, has a good eye, and ſteady hand, he may ſet a bone, or perform an operation, without ever having learned his *Propria quæ maribus.*

I would not be underſtood to decry the ſtudy of Greek and Latin as ornamental accompliſhments, but object to the common mode of its being taught indiſcriminately to all, without regard to their future plan of life.

THERE cannot be a more miſtaken notion than that of conſidering the knowledge of languages as learning and ſcience, to which they are really nothing

nothing more than vehicles. One might, with equal propriety, call a phial or pill-box medicine. Nevertheleſs, we daily ſee pedants, briſtled all over with Greek and Latin, who do not know a right angle from an acute one, or the polar circle from the tropics, and underſtand no other hiſtory but that of the intrigues between the eight parts of ſpeech, with a liſt of their progeny, lawfully begotten and baſe born. Yet theſe men look down with contempt on the mathematician, philoſopher, and chymiſt, who can expreſs themſelves in their native language only.

WHAT has led me into this ſubject is, the conſideration of the many years of his moſt precious time thrown away by almoſt every young man, in ſtudying the learned languages, of which the greater part are ſcarcely ever flogged into the rudiments; and few acquire more in the eight or nine years commonly waſted on it than they completely forget in leſs than two.

ESSAY

ESSAY XI.

Sketch of ſome worn-out characters of the laſt age.

ONE of our celebrated writers has obſerved, that there is nothing ſo indifferent to us, that we can ſay without a diſagreeable ſenſation, "we have ſeen the laſt of it." To the truth of this remark, every man who has lived long in the world can give his teſtimony. I am myſelf a man of little more than fifty years of age, and yet I have nearly out-lived divers ſpecies of men and animals, as well as a variety of cuſtoms, faſhions, and opinions; and I can truly ſay, that although ſome of them were not the moſt agreeable, I cannot help recollecting them with a degree of complacency cloſely bordering on regret.

When I was a young man there exiſted in the families of moſt unmarried men or widowers of the rank of gentlemen, reſidents in the country,

country, a certain antiquated female, either maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or couſin. Her dreſs I have now before me: it conſiſted of a ſtiff-ſtarched cap and hood, a little hoop, a rich ſilk damaſk gown with large flowers. She leant on an ivory-headed crutch cane, and was followed by a fat phthyſicky dog of the pug kind, who commonly repoſed on a cuſhion, and enjoyed the privilege of ſnarling at the ſervants, occaſionally biting their heels with impunity.

By the ſide of this good old lady jingled a bunch of keys, ſecuring, in different cloſets and corner-cupboards, all ſorts of cordial waters, cherry and raſberry brandy, waſhes for the complexion, Daffy's Elixir, a rich ſeed-cake, a number of pots of currant jelly and raſberry jam, with a range of gallipots and phials, containing ſalves, electuaries, julaps, and purges, for the uſe of the poor neighbours. The daily buſineſs of this good lady was to ſcold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkies, and aſſiſt at all lyings-in that happened within the pariſh. Alas! this being is no more ſeen, and the race is, like that of her pug dog and the black rat, totally extinct.

Another character, now worn out and gone, was the country 'Squire; I mean the little independant

dependant gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or pluſh coat, large ſilver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the diſtance of the county town, and that only at aſſize and ſeſſion time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town, with the Attornies and Juſtices. This man went to church regularly, read the Weekly Journal, ſettled the parochial diſputes between the pariſh officers at the veſtry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring ale-houſe, where he uſually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Chriſtmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantle-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of grey-hounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's houſe by ſmacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Chriſtmas, the fifth of November, or ſome other gala days, when he would make a bowl of ſtrong brandy punch garniſhed with a toaſt and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of theſe men, reckoned as great an undertaking, as is at preſent a voyage to the Eaſt Indies.

Indies, and undertaken with ſcarce leſs precaution and preparation.

The manſion of one of theſe 'Squires was of plaiſter ſtriped with timber, not unaptly called callimanco work, or of red brick, large caſemented bow windows, a porch with ſeats in it, and over it a ſtudy; the eaves of the houſe well inhabited by ſwallows, and the court ſet round with holly-hocks. Near the gate a horſe-block for the conveniency of mounting.

The hall was furniſhed with flitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with guns and fiſhing-rods of different dimenſions, accompained by the broad ſword, partizan, and dagger, borne by his anceſtor in the civil wars. The vacant ſpaces were occupied by ſtag's horns. Againſt the wall was poſted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanack, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Glanvil on Apparitions, Quincey's Diſpenſatory, the Complete Juſtice, and a Book of Farriery.

In the corner, by the fire ſide, ſtood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cuſhion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of ſeats. Here, at Chriſtmas, he entertained his tenants

tenants aſſembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees, and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village reſpecting ghoſts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the mean time the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.

The beſt parlour, which was never opened but on particular occaſions, was furniſhed with Turk-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his anceſtors; the men in the character of ſhepherds, with their crooks, dreſſed in full ſuits and huge full-bottomed perukes; others in complete armour or buff coats, playing on the baſe viol or lute. The females likewiſe as ſhepherdeſſes, with the lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes.

Alas! theſe men and theſe houſes are no more, the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country, and become the humble dependants on great men, to ſolicit a place or commiſſion to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable manſion in the mean time is ſuffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-houſe; till, after a few years, the eſtate is conveyed to the ſteward of the neighbouring Lord, or elſe to ſome Nabob, Contractor, or Limb of the Law.

ESSAY

ESSAY XII.

Complaint of a wife at her huſband's rage for antiquities.

THERE is certainly ſome ſatisfaction in relating one's grievances, although without a chance of procuring any alleviation. Permit me, therefore, to trouble you with a recital of mine, which, from as happy a woman as any within the ſound of Bow-bell, have made me extremely uncomfortable.

I am, Mr. Grumbler, the wife of a wealthy citizen, who, having made up his plumb, retired from buſineſs, with a reſolution to ſpend the remainder of his days like a gentleman. For this purpoſe he took a handſome houſe in Bedford-ſquare, and gradually dropping his mercantile acquaintance, cultivated an intimacy with Maſters of Chancery and Counſellors, and was actually known and bowed to by one of the Welch Judges.

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As my huſband was of a convivial turn, he ſubſcribed to moſt of the great hoſpitals, and was complimented by many of them with a Governor's ſtaff. To this I had no great objection; it introduced him into reſpectable company, and, except an extra fit or two of the gout, occaſioned by their veniſon feaſts, it was attended with few or no ill conſequences. But mark the ſequel.

One unlucky day, after dinner, my huſband accidentally pulling out a handful of pocket-pieces, keep-ſakes, and other trumpery, there happened to be among them a Pope Joan's ſixpence, and ſome other old popiſh pieces, coined before Julius Cæſar, that had been given him by an old aunt; they were noticed by a grave-looking doctor-like man, who ſat near him, and who extolled them to the ſkies, as great curioſities, and begged leave to exhibit them to the Society of *Antic-queer-ones*; to which my huſband accompanied him, and had the honour of being introduced to ſeveral Lords, Biſhops, and other great people, as the learned poſſeſſor of thoſe valuable pieces of antiquity. It may eaſily be conceived that my huſband did not want much entreaty to become a member of ſo reſpectable a Society; he was therefore, in

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an evil hour, propoſed, and in due time balloted for and elected.

WHAT the religion of this Society may be I cannot take upon me to determine. From the number of Biſhops and other Clergy that belong to it, one would be apt to think they are Proteſtants; though from the multitude of croſſes, legends of ſaints, repreſentations of nuns and friars, and other ſuperſtitious articles that form the ſubjects of their enquiries, they have greatly the appearance of *Papiſts*.

WHATEVER may be their tenets, the alteration in the behaviour of my huſband, ſhortly after his introduction into this fraternity is hardly to be conceived; it has ſo totally changed all his purſuits and amuſements, that I have more than once though this underſtanding ſomewhat deranged. Formerly he uſed to make a viſit to the watering places every ſummer, where he attended the rooms, and aſſociated with the company; or in his morning rides on the South Downs, from Brighthelmſtone, would alight from the chariot, and divert himſelf with looking for wheat-ears, gathering muſhrooms, or ſome other ſuch rational purſuit. Now he minds nothing but hunting for large bumps of earth, or ragged ſtones ſet up an end; for theſe

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he has ſtrange names, which I have almoſt forgot: I think he calls them *Tumbuluſſes*, and *Cram-licks*, and ſays they were Pagan churches and burial places, and talks of digging them up. Surely no good can come of diſturbing the bones of Chriſtians; for, Mr. Grumbler, though they be Pagans, they are nevertheleſs Chriſtians like you or me. He alſo takes tours to viſit ruinous caſtles and abbeys, vaults and church-yards, and has a cloſet full of broken glaſs, and braſs plates, purchaſed of country ſextons, by them ſtolen from the windows and grave-ſtones of their reſpective churches.

Before this unhappy period, when he received his dividends at the Bank, or India-houſe, he would bring me home ſome little piece of plate or ornamental china, for my mantle-piece or beaufet. Alas! thoſe times are no more; all the plate and china are removed, and in their room the ſhelves ſtuffed full of broken pans, brazen lamps, copper chizzels, bell metal, milk-pots, and a parcel of outlandiſh halfpence eat up with canker. For one of theſe pieces, as green as a leek, I am told he actually gave a guinea. This piece, I underſtand, owes this amazing price to its being an eunuch. Folks

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muſt love thoſe kind of cattle better than I do, to give ſo much for their effigies.

Besides laying out his money on theſe abſurd nick-nacks, my huſband is continually ſubſcribing to and purchaſing a number of ſtrange books, whoſe names are followed by the letters F. A. S. What theſe letters mean I know not, but fear no good. T'other day he brought home a huge book, as big as a table, full of prints of tombs, coffins, men in armour, and ladies in winding-ſheets; and another almoſt as large, which he told me was the Domeſday Book. Alas! I fear theſe gloomy ſubjects will give the poor man a melancholy turn, that may end in ſuicide.

In ſhort, if his mind does not take a ſpeedy turn, to more agreeable objects, we muſt part; as I cannot think of living like an undertaker's wife, ſurrounded by every thing that can remind one of mortality.

ESSAY XIII.

Of the academies for young gentlemen and ladies.

A PROPER attention to the education of children is in general deemed one of the moſt important conſiderations of life, yet in practice there is not one leſs attended to. A country 'Squire, before he puts out a puppy to a dog-breaker, carefully enquires into the man's abilities and qualification for his buſineſs; but the ſame 'Squire will entruſt the care and inſtruction of his ſon or daughter to perſons of whom he knows nothing at all, and that without the precaution of enquiring their moral characters, or capability of executing their undertaking.

FORMERLY ſuch enquiry was leſs neceſſary than at preſent, as no one could keep a ſchool without a licence from the biſhop of the dioceſe,

ceſe, who, it muſt be preſumed, would not grant one without a previous ſcrutiny into the moral character and literary abilities of the candidate for ſuch licence. This regulation was made to prevent the growth of Popery and fanaticiſm; but as neither is at preſent feared, and religion being pretty much out of faſhion, the law, though ſtill in force, is grown into diſuſe.

To look at the number of academies in almoſt every ſtreet, and to read the advertiſements of them in our daily papers, one would be apt to think that the children of the preſent generation bid fair to have moſt excellent educations; but, on examining into the qualifications of the maſters, and (as they are now politely called) the governeſſes of theſe ſeminaries, it will be found, that nine-tenths of them have ſcarcely one requiſite for their profeſſion.

To begin with the academies for young gentlemen.—The maſter, who is perhaps a broken exciſeman, rarely profeſſes more than to teach writing and arithmetic, though not to be idle, he hears the leſſer boys repeat Lilly's grammar rules by heart. French is taught by a Swiſs, or an Iriſh Papiſt, a deſerter from the Brigades;

and the learned languages by an ungraduated Welch curate. Dancing is taught by a German valet-de-chambre, and muſic by a quondam fidler to a puppet-ſhow.

THEIR bodily food is not more exquiſite than that prepared for their minds. and many of theſe grammar-caſtles are held in an edifice of two rooms on a floor, and have an extenſive play-ground for the children to exerciſe themſelves in, meaſuring about fifteen feet by twenty.

THE qualifications of a governeſs of young ladies are ſtill lower; that department being generally filled by diſcarded Abigails, who can ſcarcely read Engliſh, and jabber a few Engliſh phraſes literally tranſlated into French. If, beſides this, they can flouriſh muſlin, or perform two or three ornamental and uſeleſs ſpecies of needle-work, they conſider themſelves as fully competent. An aſſiſtant, called *Mademoiſelle*, is a neceſſary poſt of the eſtabliſhment. Theſe ladies have commonly acquired their learning as half-boarders in ſome great ſchool, and, like Chaucer's Nun, ſpeak the French of Stratford near to Bow, being equally ignorant with her of the French of Paris.

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An itinerant dancing-maſter and a deputy organiſt teach the young ladies dancing and muſic; indeed the chief ſtudy of the governeſs is directed to theſe qualifications, particularly the former; and "Miſs, hold up your head, and ſit like a lady," is an admonition ſhe mechanically repeats every ten minutes. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that little or no uſeful needle-work is taught here, as that is apt to give young ladies a habit of poking out their heads.

Such are, in general, the inſtructors of the riſing generation; what can be expected from ſuch an education?

ESSAY

ESSAY XIV.

Sketch of a modern connoiſſeur.

AS the preſent various exhibitions of paintings occaſion the term *Connoiſſeur* to be frequently repeated, I ſhall, in this eſſay, endeavour to ſhew the neceſſary qualifications entitling any one to that denomination.

FORMERLY it was requiſite that the perſon ſo deſcribed ſhould be deeply initiated in the circle of fine arts; for example, that he ſhould be completely read in the works of Vitruvius, Palladio, and all the famous architects; that he ſhould be well verſed in Geometry and Mechanics, underſtand Perſpective, both linear and aerial, and not unacquainted with the principles of Anatomy. It was alſo neceſſary, that he was maſter of the theory of pictureſque beauty, compoſition and deſign, and by a diligent ſtudy of the

the beſt productions of the antique and moſt celebrated maſters in Sculpture and Painting, to have made himſelf acquainted with their different ſtyles, excellencies and defects. Such were the acquiſitions required formerly to entitle a man to the appellation of *Connoiſſeur*. How unlike to theſe are the modern qualifications for the ſame denomination!

THE firſt requiſite, nay, I may ſay the *ſine qua non*, for forming a modern Connoiſſeur, is money; it being held impoſſible that a man of ſmall or no fortune can underſtand any thing of the fine arts, or at leaſt can demonſtrate his proficiency in them, by purchaſing, at great prices, the almoſt inviſible pictures of the ancient maſters.

THE next requiſite, almoſt indiſpenſably neceſſary, is to have made the grand tour, and to have viſited the city of Rome. The fineſt pieces of art, conſidered and ſtudied out of that country on any other ſpot whatſoever, convey no kind of inſtruction, the principles of connoiſſeurſhip being there inhaled with the air.

SOME little ſtudy is indeed neceſſary to put theſe acquiſitions in a conſpicuous light; but this is a mere matter of memory—I mean names and terms, ſuch as Michael Angelo,

Raphael, the Carraches, Guido, Corregio, Titian, and Paul Veroneſe—the colouring of the Venetian ſchool—clairo obſcuro—keeping contour, grand guſto, with a few others eaſily acquired. To apply them with ſome degree of propriety, a few days ſpent in the company of the Ciceroni and picture-dealers of Rome will give a general and ſufficient information. If to theſe acquiſitions, the modern Connoiſſeur ſhould add a journey through the Netherlands, he may encreaſe the catalogue of painters, with the names of Reubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Oſtade, Berghem, Rembrandt, &c. &c. which, with a fortnight's ſtudy of Du Piles, and Florent le Compte, will make him paſs in all companies for a conſummate virtuoſo.

One thing I had like to have omitted, which is of great efficacy in eſtabliſhing the character of a profound judge in the arts;—this is, the candidate for that diſtinction muſt on all occaſions remember to decry the works of Engliſh artiſts, particularly thoſe who have never travelled; it being abſolutely neceſſary, in order to paint the portrait of an Engliſhman, an Engliſh woman, an Engliſh horſe, or to repreſent an Engliſh landſcape, that the artiſt ſhould have

ſtudied

ſtudied the men, women, animals, and views of Italy.

THE honorary title of an amateur or collector of prints, which is a connoiſſeur of an inferior order, likewiſe requires money as the firſt qualification. The means of being admitted to this honourable claſs, is to purchaſe at enormous prices, not the beſt pieces, but the ſcarceſt of each maſter. Thus, the heedleſs Gold-weigher, the Horſe with the White Tail, and Lazarus without a Cap, are all etchings by Rembrandt, abſolutely neceſſary to be found in the collection of one deſirous of being diſtinguiſhed as an Amateur and capital collector.

A collector of Hogarth's muſt give a greater price for an impreſſion of the head of a tankard or a ſhop-bill, engraved by that artiſt when an apprentice, than for his March to Finchley, Strollers in a Barn, Election dinner, or any of his beſt pieces. The great point of view in a collector is to poſſeſs that not poſſeſſed by any other. It is ſaid of a collector lately deceaſed, that he uſed to purchaſe ſcarce prints, at enormous prices, in order to deſtroy them, and thereby render the remaining impreſſions more ſcarce and valuable.

ESSAY XV.

On the diſtreſſes ſuſtained from miſplaced and over-ſtrained civilities.

POLITENESS and hoſpitality, though in themſelves moſt amiable virtues, require a conſiderable portion of good ſenſe and knowledge of the world, to govern the exerciſe of them, otherwiſe, even attended with the greateſt ſincerity, they frequently diſtreſs the parties on whom they are employed, more than the moſt virulent attacks of malevolence; and what makes theſe ſufferings the more intolerable is, that ſhould the ſufferers complain, they are liable to be taxed, by ſuperficial reaſoners, with ingratitude. The truth of this aſſertion I moſt diſtreſsfully experienced in a late excurſion to draw ſome ancient ruins, in which my time was limited to three days. Unluckily ſome friends who

who knew my errand, prevailed on me to take letters of recommendation to different gentlemen, reſiding near the ſubjects of my inveſtigation.

THE firſt object of my enquiry was a ruined Abbey, which belonged to a gentleman who reſided near it, and to whom I had a letter. As I was informed he was a man of taſte, and a lover of the arts, I therefore promiſed myſelf great pleaſure from his company, and contrived to reach his houſe the evening of my ſetting out. This I accompliſhed with much fatigue, intending to riſe early the next morning to make the propoſed drawing. On my arrival, I found him at tea with his family, in a chearful parlour enlivened by a good fire, which, it being autumn, and the day rather cool, was far from diſagreeable. On producing my letter, I was received with the greateſt cordiality, and the tea-table ordered to be removed to the beſt parlour. This, as the carpet and chairs were to be uncovered, the ſilver urn heated, and the fire lighted, took up a conſiderable time, which was farther prolonged by the ſmoaking of the chimney; ſo that it was impoſſible to endure the room for near an hour after it was ready. When the ſmoke had ſubſided, and the room was reported

ported habitable, another delay took place, occaſioned by the abſence of the lady and her eldeſt daughter, they having ſlipt away, to make themſelves (as they expreſſed it) fit to be ſeen. All theſe matters combined in throwing back the ſupper 'till half an hour after ten o'clock. It was in vain for me to declare I never ate ſuppers, that the lighteſt meal prevented my ſleeping the whole night; a moſt ſumptuous ſupper was provided, and by dint of importunity I was forced to load my ſtomach with a variety of meats. This, with a cold caught by the dampneſs of the parlour, or that of the beſt bed with which I was honoured, prevented me from cloſing my eyes all the night. Indeed we did not retire to bed till half an hour after two. The ſervants ſeized my boots, and on my remonſtrating againſt it, and mentioning my going out early in the morning, the lady of the houſe declared, ſhe could not think of ſuffering me to go into the air with an empty ſtomach, but that ſhe would take care breakfaſt ſhould be ready by ten o'clock.

I was up and dreſſed long before the appointed hour; but as the ſervants had not been in bed the greateſt part of the night, my boots were not for a long time forthcoming. At half an

an hour after ten, my landlord made his appearance, and apologized to me for his lady, who had overſlept herſelf, but would be down in ten minutes. Unluckily, the lady was of that age that ſtill (as ſhe thought) juſtified a pretence to admiration. Dreſſing was therefore a buſineſs, not to be ſlightly hurried over; and that favourite counſellor, the glaſs, was ſo often and ſo minutely conſulted, that the clock announced the eleventh hour before Madam made her appearance. The arrangement of the family plate, the diſplay of the beſt china, and a variety of other matters, made it near one before we aroſe from breakfaſt.

I was now making the beſt of my way to my horſe, when the gentleman and his lady informed me, they intended to accompany me to the ruin. By half an hour after one we were fairly under way, but as it was not above a mile or two to the ſpot the gentleman took us round about the grounds, to ſhew me ſome improvements he had lately made, and a pretty Chineſe ſummer-houſe planned by his lady. This took us up near an hour more; but in ſome meaſure to remedy the loſs of time, they undertook to lead me by a ſhort bridle-way through the fields, to the centre of the ruin; but

but here we were again diſappointed; for after paſſing through ſeveral gates, the laſt we came to was locked. We in vain attempted to pick the lock, or force it open; and as none of us would venture to leap it, we were obliged to go back by the way we came. At length, however, by three o'clock we were actually on the deſired ſpot. I, who had previouſly to my ſetting out made myſelf acquainted with the ichnography of the building, and pitched on the beſt point of view to draw it in, was proceeding to ſketch it; but the gentleman, who valued himſelf on his taſte, inſiſted on my going to two or three other ſtations, in order to ſee all the beauties of the ruin. Theſe he ſo minutely conſidered and diſcuſſed, that it was half an hour paſt three before I was permitted to return to the place I had firſt choſen.

The object was the moſt pictureſque that ever employed the pencil of an artiſt; the light was happily circumſtanced, and I had already ſketched in three parts of the view, when my friend came up with his watch in his hand, to tell me we ſhould with difficulty be home by dinner-time, and that if we did not make haſte, the veniſon would be over-roaſted. I made uſe of a thouſand arguments and entreaties to induce

duce him to permit me to remain and finiſh my drawing; but he was inexorable, and beſides told me, he had invited a neighbouring connoiſſeur to meet me, knowing it would give me pleaſure, and that I might come back and complete my ſketch after dinner.

We got back to a profuſe dinner, which I will not deſcribe, and did not leave the table till it was much too late to think of returning to the ruin; beſides, the lady inſiſted on my making one at a rubber of whiſt, which laſted till midnight, and it was near two of the clock before we retired to reſt.

Thus two days were conſumed without my having done a ſtroke in the buſineſs for which I came, and all occaſioned by an ill-judged politeſſe and miſplaced civility.

ESSAY

ESSAY XVI.

On the inconveniences and mortifications to which perſons, too delicate and dainty in their food, are liable.

AMONG the many diſagreeable conſequences ariſing from an improper education, there is hardly one that renders a man more uncomfortable to himſelf, and troubleſome to ſociety, than that of being over dainty in his food, or over nice in the other articles of accommodation. Only ſons of great families, eſpecially if educated under the mother's eye, and ſickly children raiſed by art, rarely eſcape theſe misfortunes. In many perſons it is affected, under the idea of ſhewing their ſenſibility or importance. But of theſe I do not at preſent mean to treat.

ON the firſt appearance of theſe propenſities to over-delicacy, it is the indiſpenſable duty of all parents and guardians to oppoſe and counteract them with all poſſible vigour; the future happi-

happineſs of their child or ward in a great meaſure depending on it. A youth ſhould be taught to eat all ſorts of wholeſome food variouſly cooked; to overcome all whims, vulgarly called antipathies; to ſuffer the common inconveniencies of heat and cold without murmuring; and, though I do not require that he ſhould be obliged to thruſt his noſe into a ſtink, I would have him learn to encounter one without fainting.

In a late excurſion into Wales, in company with a gentleman labouring under the misfortune of what is called a delicate taſte, I had an opportunity, and a very diſagreeable one it was, of experiencing the many inconveniences to which one viſited with ſuch a taſte is ſubjected, and alſo ſubjects the reſt of the company.

This gentleman appears, from his ſtrength, health, and ſize, calculated to perform the moſt athletic exerciſes, and formed to endure every ſpecies of hardſhip; and though by no means wanting in either good ſenſe or good nature, has, by the improper indulgence of a mother and maiden aunt, acquired ſo many diſlikes, antipathies, and refinements, that he ſeems in danger of ſtarving in the larder of the London Tavern. But to give my reader ſome idea of his

his character, I will relate the tranſactions of a morning during the above-mentioned excurſion.

On our arrival at the inn of a ſmall Welch town, we were received by the harper, with that celebrated Cambrian air called "*Of a noble race was Shenkin.*" This was meant to do us honour. A harper makes an indiſpenſable part of the eſtabliſhment of a Welch houſe of entertainment, and the tune is a favourite one throughout the country, as was teſtified by the geſticulations of all the ſurrounding natives, who were aſſembled round our carriage in great numbers. At the very firſt note, my friend, who values himſelf on his taſte in muſic, ſtopping his ears, ordered our blind minſtrel to ceaſe that infernal din, which jarred his head to pieces. Taffy reluctantly obeyed, and the audience ſeparated with murmurs of diſapprobation.

Although it was now the month of May, my friend ordered a fire; but as the chimney ſmoked, he ſet open the doors and windows, by which the room was rendered colder than before the introduction of the fire. Upon this being obſerved to him, he replied it was his rule to have a fire till the middle of June.

As

As we had travelled all that morning over ſome bleak mountains, our appetites were pretty well whetted, and my companion enquired earneſtly what we could have for dinner. The anſwer was, trouts, chickens, mutton-ham, and eggs.—A bill of fare ſufficient to ſatiate the appetite of a London Alderman!

The whole was ordered to be got ready. The firſt diſh preſented was the chickens; they were tolerably well roaſted, but not quite truſſed *ſecundem artem.* On obſerving this, my friend ordered them off the table, ſaying, they looked as if they had been drowned in a ditch, and were ſtretching out their legs and wings, as in the act of attempting to ſwim. To theſe ſucceeded a diſh of fine little brook trouts; the landlady was interrogated when they were taken, and on her anſwering yeſterday, they were ſent after the chickens—my companion declaring it was another of his rules never to eat trout except juſt taken out of the water. The eggs were then produced—when were they laid?—this day—let me look at them, the grain of the ſhell is ſmooth, it ſhould be rough;—the eggs were therefore condemned. The butter next underwent a ſcrutiny—when was it churned?

—yeſter-

yeſterday—is it ſalted, or without ſalt?—it has a ſprinkle of ſalt in it. This, and it not being of that day's churning, cauſed its rejection. A fine plate of mutton-ham was next ſet on the table, but unluckily it had been cut acroſs inſtead of with the grain of the meat.

My friend now began to lament our misfortune in ſtopping at a houſe, where he could not get a morſel fit to put into his mouth. He, however, rather than ſtarve, agreed to try an egg or two, although their ſhells were ſmooth; but unluckily, on calling for the ſalt, he found it was of the common ſort, inſtead of rock ſalt.

He then aſked for ſome bread and cheeſe, and ſkinning the loaf all round, broke the cruſt into mammocks and fragments, with which he ſtrewed the table all over, and digging out the centre of the cheeſe, in a part before uncut, bit a ſmall piece of it, and threw the reſt down on the ground, declaring it was not fit for Chriſtians. This laſt indignity to the cheeſe was too much for our landlady to bear, who, I ſaw, had for a long time with difficulty reſtrained her anger; but unable any longer to bridle it, ſhe told him his *petters* had been entertained in her houſe, and found wherewithal to make a comfortable meal; that not longer ago than yeſterday

day Squire Jones and Squire Davis both dined there, and went away well pleaſed; that if he did not like her houſe, he might go where he could find better fare; that ſhe could not bear to ſee bread, the ſtaff of life, ſo waſted. It was not without great difficulty I prevented the enraged daughter of Cadwallader from turning us out of her houſe; but as I had made a hearty meal, and commended her proviſion, at my requeſt ſhe deſiſted from farther hoſtilities. My companion, who, as I before obſerved, was not deficient in good ſenſe, ſaw he had gone too far, and in ſome meaſure made the *amende honorable*, by praiſing her ale, which ſhe ſaid was of her own brewing; and the reconciliation was entirely completed by his obſerving, that Miſs Winifred, one of the little dirty children running about the houſe, had a genteel appearance, and greatly reſembled one of the young Princeſſes.

The Eſſays that follow ſeem to have been intended to form a part of the Grumbler; the Editor therefore thinks it proper to annex them to that work. Very few of them have been before printed; and none in any publication that has come out under the inſpection of the Author.

ESSAY XVII.

On the ridiculous conſequence aſſumed from ſuperiority of places of reſidence.

SO prevailing is the love of ſuperiority in the human breaſt, that moſt ſtrange and ridiculous claims are ſet up for it, by thoſe who have no real merit to offer. It is indeed abſurd enough to value oneſelf for bodily perfections or mental powers, both being totally the gift of the Supreme Being, without the leaſt merit on

on our part. Nor is that conſequence arrogated from illuſtrious birth at all juſtifiable, ſince the proof of poſſeſſing it cannot ariſe higher than probability; all ladies are not Suſannas, nor all ſervants Joſephs: but ſuppoſe it proved, a good man does not want that addition, and to a bad one the virtues of his anceſtors are a ſtanding reproach. A lower kind of importance is frequently aſſumed, from the excellence of one's domeſtic animals, ſuch as a fine pack of hounds, ſtaunch pointers, or fleet horſes; when the owner and arrogator of their merit has neither bred, choſen, nor taught them, and has had no other concern with them than ſimply paying the purchaſe money. How excellently does Dr. Young, in his Univerſal Paſſion, delineate and expoſe a character of this kind!

The Squire is proud to ſee his courſer ſtrain,
Or well-breath'd beagles ſweep along the plain:
Say, dear Hippolytus (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a Chriſtmas-tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friend received with thumps upon the back)
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praiſe?—Let Ringwood's fame alone,
Juſt Ringwood leaves each animal his own,

Nor

Nor envies when a gipſy you commit,
And ſhake the clumſy bench with country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the jeſt you made.

BUT of all ridiculous pretenſions to pre-eminence, that ariſing from the place of one's reſidence ſeems the moſt fooliſh, and yet nothing is more common, and that not limited to countries, provinces, or cities, but is regularly extended to the different parts of the town, and even to the ſeveral ſtories of a houſe. The appellation of country booby is very ready in the mouth of every citizen and apprentice, who feels an imaginary ſuperiority from living in the metropolis; and let any one who has ſeen ladies from London, of the middling order, in a country church, anſwer me, whether they failed to diſplay a contemptuous conſequence founded on their coming from that city.

LONDON is divided into the ſuburbs, city, and court, or t'other end of the town, as it is vulgarly but commonly expreſſed, and again ſubdivided into many diſtricts and degrees, each in a regular climax, conferring ideal dignity and precedency. The inhabitants of Kent-ſtreet and St. Giles's, are mentioned by thoſe of Wapping, Whitechapel, Mile End, and the Bourough, with

with ſovereign contempt; whilſt a Wapineer, a Mile-Ender, and a Borroughnian, are proverbially uſed about the Exchange to expreſs inferior orders of beings; nor do the rich citizens of Lombard-ſtreet ever loſe the opportunity of retailing the joke on a Whitechapel fortune.

THE ſame contempt is expreſſed for the cits inhabiting the environs of the Royal Exchange, or reſiding within the ſound of Bow Bell, St. Bennet's Sheer Hog, Pudding-lane, and Blow-bladder-ſtreet, by the inferior retainers of the law in Chancery-lane, Hatton-garden, and Bedford-row; and theſe again are conſidered as people living totally out of the polite circle by the dwellers in Soho, and the opulent tradeſmen ſettled in Bloomſbury, Queen's, and Bedford-ſquares, in their firſt flight from their counting-houſe in the city.

THE new colonies about Oxford-ſtreet ſneer at theſe would-be people of faſhion; and are, in their turns, deſpiſed by thoſe whoſe happier ſtars have placed them in Pall Mall, St. James's, Cavendiſh, and Portman-Squares.

THUS it is, taking this kind of pre-eminence in a general view; but to deſcend to a ſmaller ſcale. The lodger in the firſt floor ſcarcely

deigns to return the bow to the occupier of the ſecond in the ſame houſe; who on all occaſions makes himſelf amends by ſpeaking with the utmoſt contempt of the garreteers over-head, with many ſhrewd jokes on ſky-parlours. The precedency between the garret and the cellar, ſeems evidently in favour of the former, garrets having long been the reſidence of the Literati, and ſacred to the Muſes. It is not therefore wonderful, that the inhabitants of thoſe ſublime regions ſhould think the renters of cellars, independent of a pun, much below them. Beſides the diſtinctions of altitude, there is that of forward and backward: I have heard a lady who lodged in the fore-room of the ſecond ſtory, on being aſked after another who lodged in the ſame houſe, ſcornfully deſcribe her by the appellation of Mrs. Thingumbob, the woman living in the back room.

POLITE ſituations not only confer dignity on the parties actually reſiding on them, but alſo, by emanations of gentility, in ſome meaſure ennoble the vicinity: thus perſonsliving in any of the back-lanes or courts, near one of the polite ſquares or ſtreets, may tack them to their addreſs, and thereby ſomewhat add to their conſequence: I once knew this method practiſed

practiſed by a perſon who lived in a court in Holborn, who conſtantly added to his direction, "Oppoſite the Duke of Bedford's, Bloomſbury-ſquare."

To prevent diſputes reſpecting the ſuperiority here mentioned, I have with much impartiality, trouble, and ſevere ſtudy, laid down a ſort of table of precedency, and marſhalled the uſual places of reſidence in the following order, beginning with the meaneſt.—Firſt then in order, of all thoſe who occupy only parts of a tenement, ſtand the tenants of ſtalls, ſheds, and cellars, from whence we take an immediate flight to the top of the houſe, in order to arrange in the next claſs the reſidents in garrets; from thence we gradually deſcend to the ſecond and firſt floor, the dignity of each being in the inverſe ratio of its altitude, it being always remembered, that thoſe dwelling in the fore part of the houſe take the pas of the inhabitants of the back rooms; the ground floor, if not a ſhop and warehouſe, ranks with the ſecond ſtory. Situations of houſes I conceive to rank in the following order; paſſages, yards, alleys, courts, lanes, ſtreets, rows, places, and ſquares.

As a comfort to thoſe who might deſpond at ſeeing their lot placed in an humiliating degree,

let them remember that all but the firſt ſituations, are capable of promotion, and that the inhabitant of a yard or court, may, without moving, find himſelf a dweller in a ſtreet; many inſtances of this have happened within my memory: does any one heſitate at the appellation of Fludyer, and Crown ſtreets, Weſtminſter? and yet both theſe were, not long ago, ſimply Ax-yard and Crown-court, and have been lately raiſed to the dignity of ſtreets, without paſſing through the intermediate ranks of lanes, &c. Cranbourn-alley has experienced the ſame elevation; and any one who ſhould chance to call it otherwiſe than Cranbourn-ſtreet, would riſk ſomething more than abuſe from the ladies of the needle, and ſons of the gentle craft, reſident there: Tyburn-road has been poliſhed to Oxford-ſtreet; Broad-ſtreet St. Giles's, to Broad-ſtreet Bloomſbury; Hedge-lane, to Whitcombe-ſtreet; and Leiceſter-fields has of late been promoted to the rank of a ſquare.

ESSAY

ESSAY XVIII.

Patriotiſm a narrow and ſelf-intereſted energy of the mind.

IT is wonderful with what ſervility men of ſenſe adopt received opinions without examination, for the general conſent gives a kind of ſanction to them; yet it is not at all uncommon, upon a ſtrict ſcrutiny, to diſcover, that we have been deceived by a plauſibility of appearances; the truth is, the fear of incurring an imputation of arrogance or ſingularity in rejecting what has been long received as true has and does deter many from daring to think for themſelves; yet it muſt be allowed this is a reprehenſible timidity, and abuſe of the reaſoning faculties beſtowed upon us.

AMONG the many ſplendid errors which will not bear the teſt of examination, is patriotiſm, by politicians, poets, and orators, in their declamations

clamations held up as one of the moſt exalted virtues in the human breaſt; and yet I think it may be demonſtrated to be almoſt incompatible with Chriſtianity or a liberal mind.

PATRIOTISM may be defined a love of one's native or adopted country, whereby we prefer its inhabitants, and their intereſts, to thoſe of all other parts of the world.

IF this preference is unjuſtly grounded, that is, if the country be ſteril, and the inhabitants uncivilized or immoral, ſuch preference cannot be reconciled to common ſenſe. The Goſpel commands us to conſider every man as our brother; patriotiſm ſays our affections muſt be confined to a particular tract of country: patriotiſm is a kind of extended ſelfiſhneſs; the character of a ſelfiſh man is not that with which any one would think himſelf much flattered: indeed if being born under a particular elevation of the Pole, gives the natives a title to one's affection, the regard due to the reſt of mankind will be like all other qualities emanating from a centre exactly in the ratio of the ſquares of the diſtance from the place of our nativity, an eſtimate truly ridiculous, for the computation of which, inſtead of conſulting one's reaſon,

reaſon, one muſt uſe a Gunter's ſcale, or a table of logarithms.

SUPPOSE the country of our affection engaged in an unjuſt war, does not patriotiſm demand of us our prayers for its ſucceſs, and even our aſſiſtance in ſupport of it; is this compatible with morality or chriſtianity?

NOTHING can be ſo oppoſite to the feelings of a liberal mind, and even ſo ſhocking an inſult to the Deity, as the prayers frequently put up in churches, ſupplicating the Father of mankind, that he would, out of his infinite mercy, permit and aſſiſt in the deſtruction of his creatures, perhaps defending themſelves againſt the encroachments of an ambitious tyrant.

NATIONAL reflections are always conſidered as low and vulgar; are the diſtinctions made by patriotiſm more liberal? let us examine how we are apt to conſider perſons peculiarly attached to their own country in preference to all the world, when diveſted of prejudice, and uninfluenced by names.

ARE not the Scotch poſſeſſed of this national attachment, to a proverb; is it commonly mentioned among their virtues, or rather, is it not always brought in as an impeachment of their moral characters as men? and yet this is pa-

triotiſm according to the ſtricteſt definition.—Can that be a virtue in one ſet of men which is a vice in others?

VULGAR patriotiſm is an univerſal malevolence to all one's neighbours. Does not every country fervently pray that the commodities which they produce may fail in all other kingdoms and ſtates? that there may, for inſtance, be a ſcarcity of corn on the Continent, or a failure of ſugars in the French iſlands; and that without the leaſt conſideration of the ruin and miſery to which ſuch failure will ſubject their fellow creatures.

LET thoſe wiſh to merit the name of patriots, in the only commendable ſenſe of the word, conſider the whole world as their country, and all mankind as their countrymen.

LET them then endeavour, by all means in their power, to produce happineſs to the whole, without geographical diſtinctions, and that as well to animals as man.

BUT it may be urged, that patriotiſm is the preferring the intereſt of one's country to one's own immediate benefit; if this is the effect of reaſon, it is ſtill ſelfiſh, becauſe, the perſon making ſuch preference thinks he ſhall thereby, in the end, reap more benefit by the proſperity of the

the ſociety he belongs to, than by the immediate gratifications of his preſent intereſt; this is acting wiſely, and as a miſer or the moſt unfeeling Jew would do.

We are taught by hiſtory to look back with admiration and reverence to the example of thoſe who have devoted themſelves to death for the ſake of their country; but inſtead of being ranked in the claſs of heroes, theſe men perhaps ſhould rather be recorded as enthuſiaſtic madmen, blinded by the vanity of making their names immortal.

ESSAY XIX.

On the ludicrous incongruity of names given to ſhips in the royal navy.

IT ſeems extraordinary, that a little more attention is not given to the naming of the ſhips of our royal navy, particularly as they are by uſage eſteemed of the feminine gender, and

thing can be more abſurd than to hear a ſailor praiſing the veſſel to which he belongs, ſuppoſe the Jupiter or the Cato, by ſaying, *ſhe* is a *fine man* of war: would it not be better to give ſuch names as would not ſubject them to the like improprieties? Beſides the ridiculous circumſtance abovementioned, there are others not leſs ſtriking; I have read in a newſpaper, that the Queen gave the Monſieur a complete broadſide, who was thereupon glad to ſheer off; might not this, out of Portſmouth, be taken literally, and ſeem as if her gracious Majeſty had been engaged in a ſcolding match with the Dauphin, and had ſent him away as the vulgar ſaying is with a flea in his ear? When we hear a ſailor ſay, the Prince of Wales has been on board Poll Infamous, or that the Princeſs Royal has much injured her bottom, ſhould we not tremble for the health of the royal offspring, by miſtaking the Polipheme for the *Perdita*, or ſome other lady of that ſtamp; and the bottom of a ſhip for that of our King's eldeſt daughter?

A little contrivance would obviate theſe aukward circumſtances: ſhips ought to be named from the different counties, as Kent, Suſſex, Surry, or from certain properties or qualities, as

as the Thunderer, the Terrible, or the Spitfire, names (as many married men can teſtify) that accord but too well with the feminine gender.

THERE is alſo another conſideration to be had, which is to give veſſels ſuch names as may run eaſily through the mouths of common ſailors, without being corrupted into low or indecent words, or liable to ludicrous equivoques, as is the preſent caſe reſpecting ſeveral ſhips now in commiſſion; nothing is more common than to hear a ſailor ſay he has been on board the Princeſs Royal; or to hear him mention the Caſtor and Pollux by a miſnomer too groſs to repeat. The Boreas and Pegaſe admit of more indelicate ideas, from the denomination of *Peg a-ſe*, and *Bore a-ſe*; and the *Eolus* is conſtantly degraded to an *Alehouſe*; the *Belliqueux* into the *Belly Cooks*; the *Agamemnon* to *Eggs and Bacon*; and the *Bienfaiſant* metamorphoſed into the *Bonny Pheaſant*.

SHIPS being conſidered as of the feminine gender might not prevent their bearing the names of many of our Admirals, who may, without much impropriety, be ſpoken of as *old women*.

BESIDES

BESIDES the *ſlip-ſloppery* here inſtanced, the names of the following veſſels are thus corrupted: the *Fougeux* becomes the *Fogey*, *Princeſs Louiſa* the *Princeſs Louſy*, and the *Mars* affords the ſeamen too obvious an alluſion to the *after* part of their perſons. Nor, conſidering the uncertainty of all marine operations, would I recommend adopting the boaſtful names of the Victory, Dreadnought, Conqueror, Invincible, or Inflexible; as an unfortunate day may engage the Gazette-writer in an aukward combination of words, by being obliged to inform the public that the Victory was beaten off, the Invincible overpowered, the Inflexible forced to yield, and that the Dreadnought eſcaped by crowding all the ſail ſhe could carry.

ESSAY XX.

Pedantry not confined to men of letters.

THE denomination of pedant has long been improperly confined to men of literature, although in reality it is equally applicable to men of every deſcription. A pedant is one whoſe ideas are ſo totally engroſſed by the object of his peculiar ſtudies, that his common diſcourſe is tinctured with its technical terms. When this does not ariſe from affectation, it is by no means reprehenſible, but ſerves to ſhew the parties have attended to the ſtudy of their occupations.

OWING to this kind of pedantry, the profeſſion or occupation of the majority of any company may be diſcovered, every different calling having its peculiar alluſions, jokes and witticiſms. When a gentleman being aſked for a toaſt gives the Chief Juſtice, his honour the

Maſter

Maſter of the Rolls, or repeats the bon mots of Mr. Juſtice Bullhead, or Sergant Splitcauſe, it requires no extraordinary ſagacity to diſcover that the propoſer of ſuch toaſts is a limb of the law.

On a like occaſion, a perſon drinking his Grace the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, or his brother of York, the Biſhops of Durham or Wincheſter, pretty clearly points out a candidate for eccleſiaſtical preferment.

The health of the Chancellor, is a more equivocal index, as he has conſiderable patronage to beſtow on the profeſſors of the law, as well as thoſe of the goſpel; ſo that the propoſer of this toaſt may be either a candidate for a law office, or a living; to determine which it will be neceſſary to conſult the context of his diſcourſe.

When a ſmart young fellow talks of the 18th, the 36th, or 64th, without diſcriminating to what thoſe number refer, now and then larding his diſcourſe with an oath, and often emphatically mentioning *the ſervice*, we may boldly pronounce him a military man.

If he cites ſome late determinations reſpecting proofs, drinks the Maſter General, and talks

of

of the warren, it may be inferred that he is a military man, clothed in blue inſtead of ſcarlet.

SAILORS are ſo notorious for their profeſſional alluſions that they proclaim themſelves in every ſentence. In walking the ſtreet, if one of theſe gentlemen wiſhes you to quicken your pace, he will deſire you to carry more ſail; if to wait for him, to lie to; and if he deſires you to haſten any buſineſs you are about, he will requeſt you to bear a hand.

WHEN a buckiſh young fellow talks of Jack Sprat, of Queen's; Tom Jackſon, of Maudlin; Joe Thomas, of Brazen Noſe; and Griff Jones, of Jeſus; he may be ſafely ſet down as an Oxonian or a Cantab.

THE Bedford, the Garden, the Town, the Ton, and the Houſes, emphatically pronounced by a well-dreſſed man, mark the ſpeaker to be a gentleman of gallantry and pleaſure, and probably a wit and a critic.

THE Alley, Conſols, Scrip, Omnium, Tickets, and the Reſcounters, pronounced by a man in a cut wig, are indiſputable marks of a ſtock-jobber, or lottery-office keeper. One of theſe recovering from an illneſs, on being interogated as to his health, will anſwer, he is

cent.

cent. per cent. better: or ſpeaking of the circumſtances of a friend or acquaintance, will obſerve, he is above or below par; taking up an empty bottle or bowl, he will pronounce it a blank; and deſcribing a perſon in a dangerous ſituation will declare he would not underwrite him on any conſideration. If pedantry be an improper diſplay of one's profeſſional knowledge, theſe are all ſurely as much entitled to the denomination of pedants, as the ſcholar who makes an oſtentatious ſhew of his learning.

ESSAY XXI.

On the inattention to decorum and cleanlineſs of peopl advanced in years.

IT is a matter of frequent complaint from men advanced in years, that they are ſlighted by the younger members of ſociety, on account of their infirmities; this I think is rather ill-

founded, and I, being of a middle age, and therefore an unbiaſſed judge, may be conſidered as of neither party: thus qualified, I ſet myſelf to examine the truth of their complaints, and after inveſtigation, am of opinion, that the fault chiefly originates with the ſeniors, who do not ſeem to diſtinguiſh between natural and unavoidable infirmities, and thoſe the conſequence of neglect or indulgence, nor to recollect, that though humanity makes it our duty to over-look and bear with the one, no ſuch toleration is required for the other. It would be inhuman to deſpiſe a man for a ſcald head, or ſcorbutic face; but it would be both juſt and proper to reproach him for an unwiped noſe or dirty teeth.

As I have been minute in my obſervations on this ſubject, I have generally obſerved, that maſters of families, even in the upper ranks of middling life, have, after attaining the term of ſixty years, aſſumed a ſort of licentious emancipation from moſt of the rules of good manners, and thoſe particularly which ought to be obſerved at table.

To evince the truth of my aſſertion, I ſhall lay before my readers the circumſtances that occurred in a viſit I made to a friend, who lives with

with his father, formerly an eminent merchant, but now retired from buſineſs.

On my arrival at the houſe rather late, I was uſhered immediately into the eating-room, where the table was ſpread, and was ſeated next the old gentleman, who received me with many ſhakes by the hand, and one or two eructations in the face; it being a principle with him, that air ſhould never be impriſoned in the human body; or to uſe his own words, wind was better in the wide world than in his ſmall tenement.

Compliments being over, the diſcourſe turned on the weather, which Mr. —— obſerved gave every body coughs and colds: indeed he ſhewed he had not eſcaped the common complaint, by repeatedly hawking and ſpitting thick phlegm againſt the bars of the grate, whence after frying for ſome time, it hung down in feſtoons of no very grateful appearance.

Dinner was now ſet on the table: the old gentleman helped the ſoup about, taking occaſionally a ſup or two out of the ſoup ladle.

The boullie being much recommended, I requeſted ſome of it, and was helped by my old friend with the fork he had made uſe of not only in eating, but alſo in picking out a fragment

ment of the meat from between two decayed teeth.

A quarter of lamb was the next object on which he diſplayed his want of delicacy, for after ſeparating the ſhoulder from the ribs, he dipped his fingers, well beſmeared with Scotch ſnuff, into the ſaltſeller, and taking up a large pinch of ſalt, ſprinkled both with the mixture well rubbed between his thumb and fingers; the ſnuff thus rubbed off, he afterwards waſhed away by ſqueezing a Seville orange over the meat through his clenched hand.

After chewing his meat for ſome time, he obſerved it was unwholeſome to make a horſe's meal; that is, to eat without drinking; and therefore ſeizing a large black jack that ſerved as a magazine for the ſmall beer, he without emptying his mouth, took a draft, and then applied himſelf to maſticate what remained in his mouth.

No ſooner was dinner over, than the old gentleman, addreſſing himſelf to me, ſaid, Sir, I preſume you have no objection to the ſmell of tobacco, and immediately ordered his pipe. A little pan was then ſet upon the floor, which ſerved to ſpit in; but my hoſt, either through infirmity or inattention, ſeldom contrived

trived to hit the mark, ſo that his ſaliva generally went upon the carpet, unleſs it was intercepted by my ſhoes, or the petticoats of a female relation of his, who ſat next to us: whether the tobacco acted as a carminative, or that the food which he had taken into his ſtomach forced the wind downwards, the eructations with which I was ſaluted on my entrance were now changed into exploſions by another paſſage; till by the combined powers of this narcotic herb, and the liquor which he greedily ſwallowed, my friend was fixed in his arm chair for the evening.

ESSAY XXII.

On ſlip-ſlopping, or the miſ-application of words.

THE Engliſh, like moſt other of the modern languages, abounds in terms commonly ſuppoſed ſynonymous; in which nevertheleſs the critical are ſenſible of diſtinctions, more or leſs minute.

minute. An ignorance of ſuch nice diſcriminations is pardonable in thoſe who, from their ſituation, profeſſion, or rank in life, could not be expected to have had the advantage of a claſſical education: but there is a groſſer miſapplication of words, which, from a character humouroufly delineated by Fielding, in one of the moſt popular of his novels, has been called *ſlip-ſlopping*. Theſe miſtakes never fail to excite laughter; but what often renders them the more ludicrous is, that a true word is ſpoken in a ſenſe not intended by the ſpeaker.

These ſlip-ſlops are frequently of the rank he has drawn his lady; that is, gentry at ſecond hand, who pick up words thrown out by their ſuperiors, and blunder in the application of them. Not long ago, I heard one of theſe ladies, who without the leaſt reaſon was not a little vain of her perſon, declare, that ſhe was extremely frightful, meaning only to convey an idea of the extreme delicacy of her nerves. Another, though no wiſe happy in either mental or corporeal endowments, always gives her diſſent to any propoſal, by declaring that ſhe is not agreeable.

Right, for obligation, is a common miſtake. I ha'nt no right to pay that money, is among the

the vulgar, a general anſwer to a demand which the ſpeaker deems unjuſt. He had no right to be hanged, ſaid one of another, whom he imagined not to have been legally convicted.

SUCCESSFULLY is another word uſed frequently for ſucceſſively; thus I remember to have heard a landlord of an inn, deſcanting on the hardſhip of quartering ſoldiers, declare, that in the very town, in which we then were, half a dozen landlords of the neighbouring inn had all been ſucceſsfully ruined.

INGENIOUS is often ſubſtituted for ingenuous, come, be ingenious, and tell the truth, is an exhortation frequently uſed by juſtices clerks to culprit poachers, ſuſpected of the wilful murder of divers hares and partridges. The ſame gentlemen are ſometimes very ſtrenuous for levelling the penalties.

CONSORT is ſometimes miſtaken for concert; and judging of things as they ought to be, rather than as they are, this error is extremely natural. The meaning of theſe two words ſhould not be ſo oppoſite as they often are; but the fact is, that thoſe whom deſtiny has joined do not always unite their mutual endeavours in harmony together.

EVEN

EVEN the church ſervice itſelf is not exempt from this kind of ſlip-ſloppery. Almoſt every pariſh clerk is a lion inſtead of an alien, among his mother's children; one I remember who went to a length ſtill more extravagant: in that verſe in the chapter of Revelations deſcribing the New Jeruſalem, wherein it is ſaid, the doors were of agate, and the windows carbuncles—the honeſt fellow read, the doors were of a Gate, and the windows crab's ancles.

EPISTLE*

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD ON——W,

MY LORD,

YOUR friend, in ſad condition,
Implores your kind interpoſition,
To ward off an impending evil,
The corps is going to the Devil;

The

* This was written in conſequence of a regulation that was either made, or in contemplation, by the Colonel of the Surry regiment, for the whole battalion to be accoutred like the light infantry, with

The meſs-room rings with daily racket
About a curſed cap and jacket;
A ſpirit vile of fuſileering,
Amounting nigh to mutineering,
Sways an uncouth majority,
And makes a cypher, Sir, of me.
Your Lordſhip knows full well that I,
(Thanks to your favour) do enjoy
The honour'd poſt of adjutant,
Paymaſter, captain-commandant.
The laſt, I fear, oh, ſad vexation!
Muſt ſuffer cruel amputation;
For ſome there are, in impious ſpite
Of all that's rational and right,
Who ſet up the unjuſt pretence,
That *rank* ſhould conquer *influence.*
To what a paſs are matters come,
Good heavens! then muſt I ſhew my b——m!
How will the gaping rabble ſtare,
At military pet-en-l'air!
Without his joke not one will paſs
My huge rotundity of a——e;
What food for each ſarcaſtic ſnubber
This load of adventitious blubber!

with caps and jackets. It need ſcarcely be mentioned, that the nobleman, to whom this humorous epiſtle was addreſſed is the Lieutenant of that county. The cut prefixed to the epiſtle is from a caricature of the author, ſketched by himſelf.

Not leſs conſpicuous, let me tell ye,
Will be my far-projecting belly;
Which, thanks to good ſir-loin and port,
Looks like the baſtion of a fort:
Beſides, this pretty joke will fill
A gape-ſeed fare on Ludgate-hill;
Where, claſs'd with Aldermanic paunches,
A *new* edition of my haunches
Will in conſpicuous place be poſted,
And by the gaping cocknies roaſted;
But worſt of all, when at the meſs,
With pond'rous breech the bench I preſs,
They'll ſay (to one it is a million)
I'm like a *but* upon a ſtillion;
When by my wit a wight is ſtung,
He'll ſay I'm frothing at the bung:
A curſe await this foul decree,
Which gives ſuch room for repartee,
And blaſts my juſt monopoly.
Ere in this jack-a-dandy plight,
I boaſted an *excluſive* right,
To ſtrew the bitter flowers of fancy
Coeval with my adjutancy.
Think not, however, Sir, that I,
For ſelf alone, make all this cry;
Full many figures, lean and tall,
Againſt this innovation bawl;
Who dread they'll be by mobs diſſected,
And look like greyhounds when erected:

Few

Few figures boaſt the grace to ſteer
The mean 'twixt dwarf and grenadier.
Set not this matter, Sir, at nought,
But let your all-creative thought
In horrid contraſt paint together
A Bantam cock cut out of feather,
While capon thigh, and ſpindle ſhanks,
Stalks like an oſtrich thro' the ranks:
The clothes e'en now, I'll anſwer for'.
For decency are much too ſhort;
Yet ſpite of all my threats and pray'rs,
They tempt the amputating ſheers;
A ſtag may urge as fair pretence
To lop his ſcut's exuberance.
Stand forth, my Lord, and interpoſe,
And we ſhall cruſh an hoſt of foes;
Hurl bold defiance at each elf,
As if you did it from *yourſelf.*
Convince each cap-mad, mad-cap wight,
How ſure is our coercive might;
But if you ſhould in evil hour
Neglect this delegated power,
Which by theſe preſents now I give you,
I ſwear I'll never more relieve you
From that incumbrance, volition,
And then heav'n help your lorn condition.
I'll not be any longer—that is—
Your Lordſhip's *cuſtos voluntatis*;
In ſhort, my Lord, I will reſign,
Before a man of parts like mine,

Shall ignominiouſly ſuffer
The taunts of each ill-natur'd ſcoffer;
But I can't doubt your aid you'll grant
Your Groſs
And faithful
Adjutant.

Verſes on the Wincheſter Theatre being over the Shambles; ſpoken by Mr. Davis, between the play of Falſe Delicacy and the farce of the Jovial Beggars.

WHOE'ER our ſtage examines, with ſurprize
Perceives what inconſiſtencies ariſe,
'Tis ſure the ſtrangeſt of the Muſes rambles,
From wit to beef, from Shakeſpear to the ſhambles;
Quick the tranſition, when the curtain drops,
From ſoft Monimia's moans to mutton chops.
How hard our lot, who, ſeldom doom'd to eat,
Caſt a ſheep's eye on this forbidden treat;
Gaze on ſir-loins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midſt of legs of mutton ſtarve.
Divided only by one flight of ſtairs,
A monarch ſwaggers, and a butcher ſwears.

While

While for her abſent Romeo Juliet cries,
Old women ſcold, and dealers damn their eyes;
Cleavers and ſcymitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and ſheep below:
Suet and ſighs, blank verſe and blood abound,
And form a tragi-comedy around.
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
And ſeem to ſay, Chaos is come again.
Hither your ſteelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of fleſh Antonio's bond muſt pay;
Hither your knives, ye butchers, clad in blue,
Bring, to be whetted by the ruthleſs Jew.
'Tis ſtrange, but humbly ſtill our troop ſuppoſes,
That at our ſtage you'll not turn up your noſes.
And we, true jovial beggars, fondly wiſh
That no falſe delicacy will cry, piſh.

Publiſhed in the Saliſbury Journal.

IN James's reign a Jeffreys roſe,
Our throats to cut, and hides to curry;
King Bute has got, to cruſh his foes,
Juſt ſuch another tool in Murray.

PROLOGUE,

Suppoſed to be ſpoken by a native of Ireland.

LADIES, your favor I again implore,
Grant it me now, I never aſk'd before,
To ſpeak an Epilogue, behold me here,
Againſt my will, turn'd out a volunteer.
[*A great laugh.*
Arrah, be aſy, do not ſpoil my ſpaking,
What's that you laugh at, is it game you're making?
I'm wrong, 'twas Prologue that I ſhould have ſaid,
Fait I'm a novice in this ſpouting trade;
So've made a bull of that ſame term of art,
And fairly ſet the horſe before the cart;
This ſlip has put me out, I'll try again,
'Tis pity we Iriſh are ſuch baſhful men.
Ladies,
This night's the aweful day, when all our band
For judgment 'fore your tribunal will ſtand.
We are no hirelings, no, we play for fame;
Profit, not praiſe, it is our only aim.
I'm out again; I'm bother'd ſo by fear,
I wiſh I could inviſible appear:
For fait this audience, met to *ſee* our play,
Has made me quite forget what I'm to ſay.
So I no more will ſpeak at all at all,
Save, Ladies, I'm your humble ſervant all;
Upon your candour all our hopes I ſtake,
Truſting the deed you for th' intent will take.

Lines

Lines addreſſed to Mrs. H——, an antiquated Demirep.

PATIENCE, I pray you, to my words attend,
They ſpeak the counſel of a real friend;
Tho' odious truths they uſher to your ear,
Such as you frequently muſt learn to hear;
Painful to vanity they may be found,
But ſurgeon like, they probe to heal the wound.
Long time ere this, your glaſs muſt needs have told
How clumſy you are grown, as well as old:
Why all that ſilk and gauze, ribbands and lace?
They will not ſmoothe one wrinkle in your face:
Your day is paſt, my words pray ponder well,
Favours you now muſt buy inſtead of ſell:
What *Curtius* of theſe days, unhir'd, will brave
The hideous yawnings of the hoary cave?
Or who, unpaid, will venture to abide
The fumes exhaling from your greaſy hide?
Or meet within your ſweaty cloſe embrace
The poiſon of your lungs, breath'd face to face?
Thoſe flabby d-gs that over-hang your ſtays,
'Stead of deſire, diſguſt and loathing raiſe;
Ready they ſeem over their bounds to ſtart,
Like fluid ſoil ſwaſhing in nightman's cart.
Then leave deſires that none will e'er ſupply,
And to the bottle's aid for comfort fly;
Aſſume your bawd's degree, and dare defy
Carts, juſtices, mill doll, and pillory.

Poetical Epistle to Mrs. Green.

HOPING no offence, my dear Madam Green,
You're ſurely the ſtrangeſt gentlewoman that ever was ſeen;
Did'n't you ſay you'd come and ſee my drawings, and eat ſome of my plumb cake?
Here I've kept it above a week, and all for your ſake,
And now it's as hard as a ſtone, and not worth a pin,
To waſte ſo fine a cake is I'm ſure both a ſhame and a ſin.
Beſides, I've ſtaid at home waiting for you morning after morning.
But I ſha'n't do ſo again, and of that I now give you warning.
Indeed I conſider this matter in a very ſerious light,
And yourſelf can't ſay, it was at all behaving right:
So if you don't come very ſoon, by way of amends,
I can aſſure you, you and I will not be much longer friends;
But when you come, don't bring any of your brats,
For I hate little children as much as you do cats.
So hoping that of engagements in future you'll be more obſervant,
I am, Madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

DIA-

DIALOGUE,

Between a traveller from London, and a waiter at a Scotch Inn.

WHAT, hip, halloo! houſe, drawer, waiter! isn't nobody alive in this here houſe? Zounds how you all moves like ſo many poſtiſis!---- Here, hoſtler, *carry* my horſe into the ſtables.

Waiter. What's your wull, Sir?

Cockney. What's my wool? zounds! do you take me for a wool-ſeller, a ſheep, or a negro? I have no wool, Sir.

W. I did not mean any thing but to aſk what was your will.

C. What's my will! why what's that to you? I am not going to die; beſides, you won't find a egacy there, I can aſſure you.

W. Sir!

C. What the devil are you dunny; won't you give me no anſwer; let me ax you, don't

you recollect me, as how I was ſqueeged and ſcrouged into your little back room laſt ſeaſon? I hopes as how I ſhall be better accommodated this here time: come, zounds, where's breakfaſt? you knows I ordered my breakfaſt always to be on table by nine.

W. Juſt ſo, Sir; but I am a little dull; but, Sir, I don't mind you nor your order.

C. Don't you, you raſcal! Lord, Lord, what impudence! for a waiter to come for to go for to ſay to a gentleman to his face, as how he don't mind him nor his order.

W. Pardon me, Sir, I only ſaid I did not recollect you: but, Sir, maſter will take care you ſhall have a bigger room.

C. Pray what is become of that fat Gemman that lives ſomewhere hereabouts, Mr. Thingammy, what's his name, the lawyer?

W. Oh! I think they call him Tod.

C. I don't enquire by what nick-name he is called, I wants to know his real name.

W. How caa ye him again?

C. I have not called him any thing yet.

W. I believe he *will* be an Iriſhman.

C. I don't know what he may change to, at preſent he is an Engliſhman.

W. Will

W. *Will* I get breakfaſt, Sir?

C. I don't know whether you will or not; I am no prophet; but I deſire you would---- pray what's o'clock?

W. It will be half ten.

C. Do you mean to ſay it is but five? for if I don't miſreckon that's half ten.

W. No, Sir, I meant to ſay it was half an hour *from* ten.

C. Which do you mean, half an hour after nine, or half an hour paſt ten? both are half an hour *from* ten.

W. I only meant to ſay, it *will be* half an hour after nine.

C. Will be! I axed you what it was at this preſent hour, not what would it be.----How far is to Dumfries?

W. It will be twenty miles.

C. Damn your will-be's; how far is it now, and what ſort of a road?

W. The road is pretty good; but on account of the late rains ſome of the waters are very big.

C. If they are very big, I hope they will be ſafely delivered in due time; but in the mean while can they be ſafely forded?

W. I'll enquire whether the waters will ride.

C. I have nothing to do with the horſeman-ſhip of the water----can I ſafely ride over the water?

W. Juſt ſo.

C. What is become of Miſs E---; you know her, don't you?

W. Yes, Sir; ſhe is a very *diſcreet* young lady, though a little *giddy* and thoughtleſs: ſhe is married upon the Laird of Loch Cale, a couſin german of her own; but they don't live very happy, for when he is the worſe of drink, he maltreats her very ill, and frequently beats her, and drags her by the hair of her head.

C. Ha! ha!---had he been content to ſeize hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!

W. Poor lady! ſhe is this time waited on; he ought to *think ſhame of* himſelf for ſuch treatment.

C. What do you mean by waited on, does ſhe receive company in form?

W. No, no, the Lord preſerve me, I mean ſhe lies now at the point of death.

C. Where is her huſband?

W. I don't know; there is a charge of horning

ing and caption out againſt him, he has ruined himſelf by caution.

C. So, ſo! this I take it is a Scotch action for *crim. con.*----but bring breakfaſt.

W. Do you *take* tea or coffee, Sir?

C. Take! I takes phyſic ſometimes when I a'nt well; ſalts and manna, or jalap, but I always eats and drinks, for breakfaſt, coffee, tea, and buttered toſtiſis.----Have you any fruit here?

W. None at preſent but *peers*, and they ſell for pence a-piece.

C. How many pence each?

W. Pence, Sir! why that's one penny.

C. Damn this ignorant fellow, he does not know nothing of his grammar; he puts the ſingular for the plural---no, no, I means the plural for the ſingular.

W. Would you pleaſe to have a few cale, Sir? they are very good.

C. Stay a moment----I will firſt fetch a little walk.

Enter Engliſh Servant.

W. What have you made of your maſter? the breakfaſt will be cold.

E. Ser. Made of him! why faith neither a haggis nor a pie---but here he comes.

Enter

Enter Cockney.

C. I have altered my mind about walking; waiter, where's the landlord, go and call him.

W. I *won't* get him now.

C. You won't get him now! you are ſurely the moſt impudenteſt fellow living; what do you mean by that, why won't you?

W. Sir, I only mean I ſhall not find him; he is gone to the field to his workmen.

C. Hey?

W. Juſt ſo; to try to win his hay.

C. Try to win it! So gambling goes on here too: with whom is he playing, and at what game?

W. O, here's my maſter; Sir, pleaſe to ſpeak to the gentleman.

C. How d'ye do, landlord? I thinks you looks much betterer than when I laſt ſaw'd you.

L. Yes, Sir, I am much better indeed; I have *wanted* the gout theſe three months; beſides, I have *cut out my hairs.*

C. Nay, in God's name, if you want the gout, I wiſh you may have it; but as to the cutting out your hair that muſt have been a terrible operation, who preſcribed that?

L. Nobody

L. Nobody, I cut it to wear a wig.

C. Pray how is your miniſter, he's a fine honeſt fellow?

L. That he is; but we have loſt him; he was lately *tranſported.*

C. I hope not to Botany Bay; pray, what was his offence?

L. None to all; by tranſported we mean, in Scotland, removed to another pariſh; he has lately had a great mortification.

C. Which do you mean of body or mind? Bark is an excellent remedy for the firſt, and patience for the other.

L. Sir----I mean that an old gentleman has mortified, or left in perpetuity, a conſiderable ſum of money for the augmentation of the ſalary of the church to which he is miniſter.

C. I am heartily glad of it. Well, waiter, take away the breakfaſt things.

L. Come here Wolley, *and draw the table.*

C. Draw the table! for what? I only wanted it to be cleared----Well, as I ſaid, I'll go and fetch a walk; where's my hat?

W. I canno find it; I have been ſearching both but and ben.

C. Don't tell me of *bat* and *ben,* ax all the other fellows about the houſe: here, halloo! has

has not nobody ſeen never a hat hanging on never a peg?

L. If it had been hanging, I am ſure no one here would have lifted it.

W. I canno find it.

C. I believe you have not troubled yourſelf to look for it, but I'll learn you better manners.

L. I am ſorry I cannot ſtay to aſſiſt in the ſearch; *I am very throng*; and beſides muſt go to a roup two miles off, where there is ſome victual to be ſold.

C. What, do they ſell victuals by auction? I ſuppoſe it is the ſtock of ſome broken publican or butcher; and ſo you feeds your gueſts with ſecond-hand proviſions.

L. No, no; it is corn; oats, Sir; we call oats victual, here.

[*The waiter in removing the tea things throws ſome of them down.*]

C. So, there's multiplication going on.

L. You careleſs gillygawpus, you break more *lime ware* than your head's worth; but Iſe gar you pay for them. When the man calls with pigs, I'll buy as many as you have broken, and deduct them out of your wages.

C. What

C. What the devil, do your pig-drivers ſell crockery?

L. No, earthen ware is called lime ware, and pigs, in Scotland.

W. I don't regard what maſter ſays in his paſſion; he is a very ſtingy, but a very generous man.

C. Stingy and generous! how do you make that out?

W. Very well; ſurely a man may be peeviſh and yet very generous.

C. So, then, ſtingy means peeviſh or touchy!

W. It does: but I am told this is not peculiar to the North.

The dialogue ends in this abrupt manner, and appears as if the author intended ſome further continuation. The deſign of it, however, only being to gave a droll ſpecimen of the Scotch *idiom, and of the miſunderſtanding to which it gives riſe in thoſe who are not acquainted with it, the dialogue can hardly be conſidered as unfiniſhed.*

DIALOGUE,

Between an Engliſhman and a Scotchman

A. How d'ye do, Sandy?

B. Troth I've gotten a ſair head.

A. I'm ſorry for it, that's a nauſeous and troubleſome diſorder.

B. Sir!-------

A. Why I ſay a ſore head, that is, I ſuppoſe, you mean a ſcald one, is a very troubleſome diſorder.

B. Hoot man, I only mean that I was a little the worſe of drink laſt night, and ſo have a pain in my head this morning.

A. Worſe of drink! I don't rightly underſtand you; did you drink any unwholeſome liquor!

B. No, No, I was only a little ſu.

A. I ſhould never have gueſſed at that a man may be worſe of liquor in many other ways; for example,

example, a man who ſurfeits himſelf by drinking cold water when he is hot may truly be ſaid to be the worſe of liquor.

B. Faith that's true; but without joking, I fear I ſhall fever----I was roving in the night.

A. Whither did you go?

B. No where; by roving, I mean I was what I believe you call light-headed or delirious.

A. Pray who was with you?

B. Three or four friends, one that you know, an Iriſhman, Paddy Murphy: there was likewiſe Sandy M'Gregor, the dull piper.

A. Dull piper muſt be a ſtrange contradiction! pipers are generally merry fellows.

B. By dull, I only mean hard of hearing.

A. Was you merry?

B. Yes, at firſt, but as the liquor prevailed Murphy became ill to guide; I am ſure he ought to think ſhame of himſelf. If I mind right he ſaid, *he felt a bad ſmell*, and ſwore it was Sandy M'Gregor or his dog that made it. All thoſe who were preſent *quarrelled him* for his behaviour: how ſoon this was ſaid, Paddy lifted a *muchkin tin*, that was full of whiſkey, and threw it at the *narrator*, who

ſeed

ſeed it coming, and dipping his head *timeouſly*, juſt *evited* it. The company were *difficulted* how to act *anent* in this matter, *ſeverals* ſaid he ought to be incarcerated for it, and not liberated in haſte; ſome deburſed their reckoning and left the company. Paddy Murphy all this time curſing and ſwearing in a *fearful* manner, threatening Rob Wolles that he would break his impenetrable head, and let out the brains from his empty ſcull. None were exeemed from his abuſe; but all the company gave it in *favour* of M'Gregor, who had, notwithſtanding *of this* abuſe, been extremely diſcreet.

This day Paddy was *ſummoned* before the juſtice, where he *pled* drunkenneſs. The juſtice having *deliberate* long, adviſed him to make it up, and ſo diſmiſſed him. I am ſure if I had it in *my offer* I will never fail in Paddy's company again.

MIS-

MISCELLANIES.

Chronicles of Coxheath Camp.

This is one of the Author's ſatirical effuſions on the late General Keppel, who commanded at Coxheath.

IN the .... year of the reign of G ..... the Third, king of England, there were great troubles in that kingdom, the people of America revolted, and the great king, even Louis the king of France, threatened to come over the ſeas, and to ſet his armies in array againſt the people of England, and to lay waſte their cities.

2. WHEREFORE there was a great grief and terror went forth all over the land, and the elders held a council, and thought meet to call forth the young men of the nation, each armed with his ſword and with his bow.

3. AND the young men left their farms and their looms, and their different occupations, and

and ranged themſelves under the command of their lords, their landlords, and their maſters, who were captains of thouſands, of hundreds, and of fifties.

4. And the king ſet over them as a leader of the whole hoſt, a mighty man of war, named Cabello, or White Belly; and he ruled this hoſt with a rod of iron; and they were encamped on the plains of Coxheath, on the ſouth ſide of the river Medway, even as thou comeſt from Maidſtone.

5. Now Cabello was prone to anger, depreſſing his inferiors to the duſt; but to the great he bowed his head, like the bulruſh to the weſtern blaſt. He moreover abominated the inferior order of officers called ſubalterns, and neither communed with them, nor ſuffered them to eat meat at his table.

6. Now it came to paſs, that the weather waxed cold, ſo that fires were directed to be kindled to warm thoſe ſoldiers who watched; but the wood for kindling the ſame was delivered out with a ſparing hand, ſo that what was delivered out for four days would ſcarce ſuffice for one; and it was moreover diminiſhed by the evil-doings of the miniſters ſtyled contractors, yet nevertheleſs it was ſaid in the written orders of the

the day, ye ſhall not burn hedges, nor ſhall ye root up pales or other fences.

7. But behold one night, when there was no fuel, the watch of the left wing communed together, ſaying, "Lo, we periſh with cold, were it not better that we put forth our hands and take ſuch wood as we can find? this, peradventure, may not be diſcovered by White Belly, who ſleepeth with his harlot."

8. And lo they went forth, and took divers wooden utenſils, with which they lighted fires, and warmed themſelves. Now, theſe were the men who tranſgreſſed the commands of White Belly. The men of Berkſhire, dwelling on the banks of the river Thames, weſt of the great city of London, theſe burned a poſt which they pulled up from the ground. Hop-poles were taken and conſumed by the Yorkſhire men, whoſe garments were faced with green; theſe men were cunning in all things appertaining unto horſes.

9. The 65th regulated band did likewiſe take and burn hop-poles; of theſe men White Belly had formerly complained to their chief captain.

10. That troop or company, ſtyled by way of honour the Queen's Royals, on whoſe ſtandard

is

is depicted a lamb, as an emblem of their priſtine innocence, theſe alſo burned a gate, the poſt whereof had been demoliſhed by the men of Berkſhire.

11. Now when it was told unto White Belly the things that had been done, his countenance changed, and he grew exceeding wroth, and thus expreſſed his lamentations.

12. TWENTY weeks long have I been plagued with this ſtiff-necked generation, who have diſregarded my words, and ſlighted the ſayings of my mouth; woe unto them, for they ſhall be impriſoned and beaten with many ſtripes, and their leaders ſhall be publicly reproved in the orders daily delivered by Mall Bee, my ſcribe.

13. Lo I am fatigued, even unto death, by your miſdeeds, O ye adjutants and ſubalterns; even by the miſdeeds and neglects of the old bands as well as by thoſe of the new; nor have ye regarded my commandments of the firſt day of the eighth month; wherefore I ſay, ye ſhall all be anſwerable, even every one of you that mounteth the quarter-guard; but as for the right wing, in the article of fires, they have not at this time offended.

14. LET the majors go into the rear of the encampment, even to the tents of the whore of Babylon,

Babylon, and there let them ſearch out the unclean and diſorderly harlots; let them alſo number the women and children dwelling in the huts.

HAVING uttered theſe words, exhauſted by his paſſion, he belched, yawned, ſnored, and fell into a profound ſleep; Mutton Head proclaiming glory, praiſe, and honour, be to thee, O White Belly!

The Blunders of Barmingheath.

Another piece of ridicule on the generalſhip of the officers who commanded in Coxheath camp.

PREVIOUS to this great event, it was whiſpered through the camp, that ſome grand manœuvre would be exhibited in a few days; but of what kind was a perfect ſecret. The brigade majors gave diſtant hints that ſomething capital was on the tapis, and the aids-du-camp, with importance in their looks, ſkimmed

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about like ſwallows before a ſtorm; the major-generals reconnoitred, and the general himſelf was often on horſeback, ſeemingly abſorbed in thought, and big with ſome weighty purpoſe.

The mighty ſecret was at length divulged, which was no leſs than a deſign of cauſing the firſt and third brigades, with a ſquadron of dragoons, in the whole forming a body of near three thouſand men, to ſtrike their tents, to load them on their bat-horſes, and to march to Barmingheath, diſtant at leaſt ſix miles from Coxheath; there to encamp again for a few hours, then to ſtrike, load, and return to their former ground. If ſome ſmall miſtakes attended the execution of this arduous undertaking, let it be conſidered that generals are but men—but to proceed to my ſtory.

On the 23d of September, at the uſual time, a brigade order was iſſued, directing the firſt and third brigades to ſtrike their tents at half after five, to load them on their bat-horſes, and to march to Barmingheath. If the general forgot that the ſoldiers had no bread, it is at leaſt a proof he was not one of thoſe who are ever thinking about eating: beſides, conſidering the many matters of conſequence with which his head was occupied, ſo trifling a matter

as

as the ſoldiers dinners might eaſily ſlip his memory; nay, perhaps it was done on purpoſe to teach the militia the method of living without victuals, as on real ſervice it is well known ſoldiers are ſometimes obliged to faſt. A leſs degree of indulgence, in proportion as a beaſt is inferior to a man, will ſuffice to excuſe him for forgetting it was likewiſe forage-day; and indeed it would have had the appearance of partiality to have let the horſes eat whilſt their maſters faſted: the major-general, who perhaps did not enter into this train of reaſoning, after frequent meſſages to and from the contractors, procured each ſoldier half a loaf, which even the proverb allows is better than no bread; as for the horſes, they were referred to another day.

At half an hour after eight at night came out an after-order, directing the before-named two brigades to hold themſelves in readineſs to ſtrike and march; this coming laſt, and being beſides a general order, was by many ſuppoſed to ſuperſede the brigade order; ſeveral regiments, therefore, waited for the order to ſtrike: however, this did not occaſion a delay of more than an hour; and what ſignifies an hour in a ſummer's day? Such trifling overſights muſt be excuſed in perſons of great genius.

I will not mention the ſeveral arrangements reſpecting picquets, advanced and rear-guards, which were made and contradicted by various after-orders, except to obſerve, that as in weighty matters one cannot be too circumſpect, ſo the frequent alterations are proofs of wiſdom: a fool is always obſtinate and immoveable.

Here a new diſpoſition reſpecting guards was ſhewn to the militia. The quarter guards, which had ſerved for the advanced guard of each regiment, were, on their arrival on the ground, drawn up three deep, but afterwards formed into a rank entire.

It is not material to obſerve, that the troops, who marched off in two columns at the ſame time, did not arrive together on the ground, owing perhaps to the firſt brigade having the longeſt way and the worſt road; this was, however, productive of no ill conſequence, and when the firſt brigade arrived, the whole was ordered to diſperſe and pitch on the beating of the aſſembly.

Nothing could be better calculated for uſing troops to rough ground, the buſhes here being in many places as high as a man's head, with ſharp ſtubs and ſtumps; if this tore and deſtroyed the men's ſhoes and gaiters, it is to be remembered,

membered, that the Britiſh pay is the beſt in the world; conſequently, an Engliſh ſoldier can afford to replace them; and beſides, this found them a uſe for that ſuperfluous money which might otherwiſe have been expended in drunkenneſs.

It being thus experimentally proved that the brigades could both ſtrike and pitch their tents, after remaining a few hours, the tents were again ſtruck and loaded, and the regiments returned to their former encampment, with very little loſs, though in ſome confuſion.

Much praiſe, it muſt be allowed, is due to our general, in the care he took to ſecure our retreat; each regiment was followed by its own rear-guard, and in the rear of each column was a captain's guard, whoſe rear was again covered by the advanced picquets.

Now, to recapitulate the whole, every thing was planned and executed with all poſſible accuracy, except that the march was at firſt a little delayed; the men and horſes had nearly been without food; the columns did not arrive at the ſame time in going, and in returning had like to have interfered; every thing elſe very happily ſucceeded in the manner that might be expected from ſo judicious an arrangement.

COXHEATH.

Advertiſement.

THE learned German profeſſor Myn Heer HarmanSigiſmond Burganſius's aſtringent antr-cacative pills, now become neceſſary for the gentlemen of the army and militia, who may have occaſion to mount quarter and other guards. Theſe pills, taken according to the printed directions, will enſure the taker from any backward calls of nature, during the period of his guard, whether it be for twelve or twenty-four hours: they are farther uſeful in ſtrengthening the retentive faculties againſt ſudden frights, or other laxative cauſes. By the help of theſe pills, a noble general heard undiſmayed the thunder of the Moro, although on board a ſhip not above five miles out of the reach of the guns of that tremendous caſtle; a circumſtance, it muſt be univerſally allowed, that could only be aſcribed to their extraordinary

nary virtue. Much more might be ſaid of theſe ſalutary and wonder-working pills, and many other inſtances, certificates, and affidavits, might be produced; but the proprietor ſcorns to puff. Theſe pills, at no more than two guineas per box, are ſold by Mr. White Belly, at the ſign of the Cock's Tooth and Head-ach, in Toleration-ſtreet, Maidſtone. To prevent impoſition, ſee that the box is ſigned *Mutton Head.*

N. B. *This ſquib was circulated about the camp on Coxheath, on an officer of the Berkſhire militia being put in arreſt by General Keppel for leaving the quarter-guard to go to a certain place of conveniency.*

Specimen of Modern Oratory.

AS a mighty river, ſwelled by mountain torrents, over-running its banks, tramples under foot every intervening obſtacle, and fired by oppoſition gathers new wings from every impediment; ſo oratory, applied to our paſſions,

faſcinates our faculties, captivates our capacities, and impels our judgments.

Cool logical deductions may perſuade the philoſopher, who weighs each ſentence in the microſcopic eye of reaſon, and analyſes each idea by the diſpaſſionate ſquare of ratiocination; but to charm the liſtening ſenate, and to lead that many-headed monſter, the multitude, requires the muſical flowers of a Burke, or the high-coloured and dazzling thunder of a Chatham.

Specimen of Modern Criticiſm.

THE author, in an ironical commentary on a ſilly, vulgar ballad, ridicules ſome of our grave commentators, who rake the rubbiſh of antiquity for beauties imperceptible to every other eye, and torture the ſenſe to diſcover meanings that never were intended by the writer. It may be conſidered as a parody on Addiſon's pleaſant criticiſm upon the old ballad of Chevy Chace.

THE carrion crow ſat upon an oak, (1)
And ſpied a taylor cutting out a cloak;
With a heigh ho! the carrion crow!
Sing tol de rol, de riddle row!

THE carrion crow he began for to rave,
And call'd the taylor a louſy knave; (2)
With a heigh ho! *&c.*

OH wife, fetch me my arrow and my bow, (3)
That I may ſhoot this carrion crow;
With a heigh ho! *&c.*

THE taylor he ſhot, and he miſs'd his mark, (4)
And ſhot the old ſow through the heart;
With a heigh ho! *&c.*

OH wife, fetch me ſome treacle in a ſpoon,
For the old ſow is in a terrible ſwoon; (5)
With a heigh ho! *&c.*

THE old ſow died, and the bells they did toll,
And the little pigs pray'd for the old ſow's ſoul; (6)
With a heigh ho! *&c.*

ZOOKS! quoth the taylor, I care not a louſe, (7)
For we ſhall have black puddings, chitterlings, and ſouſe;
With a heigh ho! *&c.*

THIS ſong, however it may wear the ruſtic garb of ſimplicity, and teem with the images of common life, carries with it evident marks of the touches of a maſter, who muſt have been endowed with much claſſical and medical knowledge, as well as ſkilled in natural hiſtory, and the popular opinions and manners of our forefathers.

(1) THE carrion crow was, in ancient times, always conſidered as an arborous bird: beſides other claſſics, Virgil more than once mentions him as ſuch, particularly in one or two eclogues, where, as in this little poem, he is deſcribed ſitting on an oak.

(2) SOME learned commentators have this elucidation:

IT is not to be conceived that the crow actually uttered theſe words; they are rather aſſumed with the *licentia poetica*, which muſt not be unſparingly allowed to every original writer; though it is certain, that all birds of the crow kind are perfectly capable of imitating the human voice. It may be ſuppoſed ſufficient that the taylor imagined that he heard them expreſſed by the crow. Our author was perhaps

perhaps deſirous of giving ſome reaſon for the action of his hero.

(3) The taylor calling for his bow proves beyond a diſpute the antiquity of this little poem, and that it was written before the introduction of fire-arms.

(4) This ſhews an admirable attention to the truth and propriety of character; for the occupation of a taylor being ſedentary and unwarlike, he cannot be expected to be a good toxopholite: therefore nothing could be more likely than his miſſing the mark, and ſhooting ſo wide of it as to hit the ſow lying upon the ground rather than the crow, which was perched upon a tree.

(5) Treacle does not always mean that ſyrup which ſchool-boys are ſo fond of eating with new rolls, but a mixture ſo denominated in the Materia Medica; whence we may gather that our author was no Tyro in the healing art.

(6) Another proof of the early date of the poem is afforded by this ſtanza. The circumſtance of the pigs praying for their mother's ſoul ſhews clearly that it was written before the Reformation.

(7) The introduction of the louſe into the taylor's apoſtrophe, either uttered as a ſoliloquy,

or as an addreſs to his wife, is an alluſion to a common joke thrown out againſt the calling, the profeſſors of which have the vulgar appellation of prick-louſe.

THE above obſervations, though no doubt many others will occur to the intelligent reader, muſt place beyond a doubt the antiquity of the poem, as well as elucidate the meaning of the ingenious author.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

Mr. JOSEPH AMES.

Mr. Joseph Ames was born at or near Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, where he had a ſmall eſtate. He was a member of both the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and ſecretary to the latter. He was a very little man, of mean aſpect, and ſtill meaner abilities. The Hiſtory of Printing, publiſhed under his name, was really written by Dr. Ward, profeſſor of Greſham college, though perhaps the materials were collected by Mr. Ames, who had a conſiderable collection of black-letter books and other curioſities. This muſeum is ridiculed by Dr. Hill, in the Inſpector.

It is ſaid he had at firſt drawn up this hiſtry himſelf, which began with the word *whereas*:

Dr.

Dr. Ward, to whom he ſhewed the manuſcript, objecting to ſuch a beginning, as too like a bill in chancery, or an advertiſement, Mr. Ames agreed to his altering it, but begged he would let the work begin with a W, as he had the block of a fine ornamented W for that purpoſe.

Mr. Ames lived in the Hermitage, Wapping, and kept a very ſmall ironmonger's ſhop. He was totally ignorant of every language but Engliſh, which laſt he did not ſpeak with the greateſt purity.

He pretended to be a draughtſman—his performances were ſuch as would diſgrace a boy of ten years old: he alſo affected to underſtand the mathematics, and belonged to a ſociety which aſſembled ſomewhere in Wapping; but his proficiency may be judged of, when, to my knowledge, he had no idea that two diſſimilar bodies could have equal areas, namely, that a triangle could be equal to a ſquare. He alſo pretended to be an *eſprit fort* in matters of religion, ſo much as even to queſtion the exiſtence of a Deity; but this was only affectation, he having heard that great knowledge was apt to make perſons ſceptical: to this I am enabled to ſpeak poſitively; for once, in croſſing the

the water with him, to go to Sir Peter Thompſon's, who lived at Dock-head, our boat was in danger of being jammed in among ſome floating ice, with which the Thames was then covered: at the ſight of this he began to pray in a ſtyle of fervency that would have done honour to a biſhop.

He was, as has before been obſerved, a very little man, and generally wore a ſhort red great coat, which did not come ſo low as the ſkirts of his under garment; he was, beſides, remarkable for very long feet: he was troubled with an aſthma, of which he died ſuddenly in his chair at Mr. Ingham Foſter's counting-houſe in Clement's Lane.

He left an only daughter, who was married to a mate of an Indiaman, of the name of Dampier, afterwards a captain. This gentleman had his portrait, a three-quarter length, extremely like him.

Many perſons of rank held Mr. Ames's antiquarian knowledge in high eſtimation; among them were the Ducheſs of Portland and the Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Mr. WILLIAM OLDYS.

William Oldys, Norroy King of Arms, author of the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, and ſeveral others in the Biographia Britannica, was the natural ſon of a Dr. Oldys, in the Commons, who kept his mother very privately, and probably very meanly; as, when he dined at a tavern, he uſed to beg leave to ſend home part of the remains of any fiſh or fowl *for his cat*, which cat was afterwards found out to be Mr. Oldys' mother.

His parents dying when he was very young, he ſoon ſquandered away his ſmall patrimony, when he became at firſt an attendant in Lord Oxford's library, and afterwards librarian.

He was a little mean-looking man, of a vulgar addreſs, and, when I knew him, rarely ſober in the afternoon, never after ſupper.

His favourite liquor was porter, with a glaſs of gin between each pot. Dr. Ducarrel told me, he uſed to ſtint Oldys to three pots of beer whenever he viſited him.

Oldys ſeems to have had but little claſſical learning, and knew nothing of the ſciences; but for

for index-reading, title pages, and the knowledge of ſcarce Engliſh books and editions, he had no equal: this he had probably picked up in my Lord Oxford's ſervice, after whoſe death he was obliged to write for the bookſellers for a ſubſiſtence.

Among many other publications, chiefly in the biographical line, he wrote the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, which got him much reputation: the Duke of Norfolk in particular was ſo pleaſed with it, that he reſolved to provide for him, and accordingly gave him the patent of Norroy King at Arms, then vacant. The patronage of that Duke occaſioned a ſuſpicion of his being a papiſt, though I think really without reaſon; this for a while retarded his appointment: it was underhand propagated by the heralds, who were vexed at having a ſtranger put in upon them.

He was a man of great good nature, honour, and integrity, particularly in his character of an hiſtorian. Nothing, I firmly believe, would ever have biaſſed him to inſert any fact in his writings he did not believe, or to ſuppreſs any he did. Of this delicacy he gave an inſtance at a time when he was in great diſtreſs. After his publication of the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, ſome book-

booksellers, thinking his name would sell a piece they were publishing, offered him a considerable sum to father it, which he rejected with the greatest indignation.

He was much addicted to low company; most of his evenings he spent at the Bell in the Old Bailey, a house within the liberties of the Fleet, frequented by persons whom he jocularly used to style *Rulers*, from their being confined to the rules or limits of that prison. From this house, a watchman, whom he kept regularly in pay, used to lead him home before twelve o'clock, in order to save sixpence paid to the porter of the Heralds' Office by all those who came home after that hour: sometimes, and that not unfrequently, two were necessary.

He could not resist the temptations of liquor, even when he was to officiate on solemn occasions; for, at the burial of the Princess Caroline, he was so intoxicated that he could scarcely walk, but reeled about with a crown on a cushion, to the great scandal of his brethren.

His method of composing was somewhat singular: he had a number of small parchment bags, inscribed with the names of the persons whose lives he intended to write; into these bags he put every circumstance and anecdote he could

could collect, and from thence drew up his history.

By his exceſſes he was kept poor, ſo that he was frequently in diſtreſs; and at his death, which happened about five on Wedneſday morning, April 15, 1761, he left little more than was ſufficient to bury him. Doctor Taylor, the Oculiſt, ſon of the famous Doctor of that name and profeſſion, claimed adminiſtration at the Commons, on acount of his being *nullius filius*, *Anglice*, a baſtard. He was buried the 19th following, in the north aiſle of the church of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf, towards the upper end of the aiſle. He was about ſeventy-two years old.

Among his works is a preface to I. Walton's Angling.

DOCTOR DUCARREL.

Dr. Andrew Coltee Ducarrel was deſcended from a French family, who fled from their country on account of their religion. They were poſſeſſed of conſiderable property: the Doctor

Doctor, it is ſaid, had twelve thouſand pounds for his ſhare. He was educated at Eaton, and from thence went to the univerſity of Oxford. After the uſual time he took the degree of doctor of laws, and ſettled in Doctors Commons, where his chief employment was ſwearing the perſons who, from the nature of their buſineſs, were obliged to make affidavits.

THE Doctor was a very weak man, and ignorant, though he was ambitious of being thought learned. Among the many publications which bear his name, none were really written by him; moſt of them were done by Sir Joſeph Ayloffe, and the Rev. Mr. Morant, author of the Hiſtory of Eſſex, to whom the Doctor applied on every emergency. He was ſo very illiterate, that on receiving a Latin letter from a foreign univerſity, he took his chariot, and went down to Colcheſter, where Mr. Morant then lived, and got him to write an anſwer.

THE following is a catalogue of the works aſcribed to the Doctor, with their true authors: a Tour through Normandy, quarto, the Rev. Mr. North; ditto in folio, Sir Joſeph Ayloffe; Anglo-Gallic Coins, Rev. Mr. Morant; Hiſtory of Lambeth, Mr. Morant; Hiſtory of St. Catharine's Hoſpital, Mr. Morant; Hiſtory of Croydon;

Croydon; this work was begun by Mr. Rowe Mores, but a quarrel happening between him and the Doctor, the latter took away the notes and materials, and gave them to Mr. Morant.

I have ſeen two of Mr. Mores's letters on this ſubject, reproaching the Doctor with ungrateful and ungentleman-like behaviour to him, and threatening to expoſe him to the world in general, and to the Archbiſhop in particular; and to ſtrip him of thoſe borrowed plumes he had ſo unjuſtly aſſumed. How the Doctor ſettled this matter is not known; it is, however, probable he found ſome means of appeaſing Mr. Mores, as the threatened diſcovery was not made, and the Hiſtory of Croydon was finiſhed by Mr. Morant.

A Diſſertation on Cheſnuts was partly drawn up by Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Haſted of Canterbury.

Lambeth Callenders, by Rowe Mores and a poor French Clerk.

Some account of John Tradeſcant. This was a child of many fathers; chiefly written by a South-Lambeth glazier, of the name of Buckmaſter. The tomb was drawn and engraved by Pouncy.

THE Doctor, on recovering from a fit of ſickneſs, in which he had been carefully nurſed by his maid, out of gratitude married her; a circumſtance that tended greatly to his future eſtabliſhment, Mrs. Ducarrel being a ſober careful woman.

THE Doctor was a large black man, with only one eye, and that of a focus not exceeding half an inch; ſo that whatever he wiſhed to ſee diſtinctly, he was obliged to put cloſe to his noſe. The verſes of Virgil on the Cyclops did not very ill deſcribe him:

Monſtrum horrendum, &c.

THE Doctor always was a great lover of the ladies as well as his glaſs; the latter grew on him ſo much, that he was conſtantly drunk every day, a little before his death: his liquor was generally port, or, as he called it, "kill prieſt."

THE Dutch war had enabled the Doctor to lay by ſome money, which he left to his wife.

THE

REV. GEORGE HARVEST.

Mr. George Harvest, miniſter of Thames Ditton, was one of the moſt abſent men of his time; he was a lover of good eating, almoſt to gluttony; and was further remarkable as a great fiſherman; very negligent in his dreſs, and a believer in ghoſts. In his youth he was contracted to a daughter of the biſhop of London; but on his wedding day, being gudgeon-fiſhing, he overſtaid the canonical hour; and the lady juſtly offended at his neglect, broke off the match. He had at that time an eſtate of 300l. per annum; but, from inattention and abſence, ſuffered his ſervants to run him in debt ſo much that it was ſoon ſpent. It is ſaid, that his maid frequently gave balls to her friends and fellow ſervants of the neighbourhood, and perſuaded her maſter that the noiſe he heard was the effect of wind.

In the latter part of his life no one would lend or let him a horſe, as he frequently loſt his beaſt from under him, or at leaſt out of his hands, it being his practice to diſmount and lead his horſe, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horſe ſometimes ſhook off, and ſometimes it was taken off by the boys, and the parſon ſeen drawing his bridle after him.

Sometimes he would purchaſe a penny-worth of ſhrimps, and put them in his waiſt-coat pocket among tobacco, worms, gentles for fiſhing and other trumpery: this he often carried about him till it ſtunk ſo as to make his preſence almoſt inſufferable. I once ſaw ſuch a melange turned out of his pocket by the Dowager Lady Pembroke. With all theſe peculiarities, he was a man of ſome claſſical learning, and a deep metaphyſician, though generally reckoned a little cracked.

Mr. Arthur Onſlow, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, who lived at Ember Court, in the pariſh of Thames Ditton, was very fond of Mr. Harveſt's company, as was alſo his ſon and ſucceſſor Lord Onſlow; ſo much, that he had a bed there, and lived more at Ember Court than at his lodgings (a baker's in the village.)

One

One day Lady Onſlow, being deſirous of knowing the moſt remarkable planets and conſtellations, requeſted Mr. Harveſt, on a fine ſtar-light night, to point them out to her, which he undertook to do; but in the midſt of his lecture, having occaſion to make water, thought that need not interrupt it, and accordingly directing that operation with one hand, went on in his explanation, pointing out the conſtellations with the other: this planet, ſaid he, is a capital one, and is attended by its guards or ſatellites, meaning the planet Jupiter.

On another occaſion, having accompanied my Lord to Calais, they walked on the rampart; muſing on ſome geometrical problem, he loſt his company in the midſt of that town; Mr. Harveſt could not ſpeak a word of French; but recollecting my Lord was at the Silver Lion, he put a ſhilling in his mouth, and ſet himſelf in the attitude of a lion rampant: after exciting much admiration, he was led back to the inn by a ſoldier, under the idea that he was a maniac eſcaped from his keepers.

Such was his abſence and diſtraction, that he frequently uſed to forget the prayer days, and to walk into his church with his gun, to ſee what could have aſſembled the people there.

WHEREVER he ſlept, he uſed commonly to pervert the uſe of every utenſil; to waſh his hands and mouth in the chamber-pot, to make water in the baſon or guglet, and to go into bed and between the ſheets with his boots on.

IN company he never put the bottle round, but always filled when it ſtood oppoſite to him; ſo that he very often took half a dozen glaſſes running: that he alone was drunk, and the reſt of the company ſober, is not therefore to be wondered at.

ONE day, when Lady Onſlow had a good deal of company, Mr. Harveſt got up and ſaid, Ladies, I am going to the *bogoi*, meaning a certain place. Being joked and reproved for this indelicate piece of behaviour, in order to mend it, he next day got up and deſired the company to take notice he was not then going to the *bogoi*.

THE family had a private mode of warning him when he was going wrong, or into any impropriety: this was, by crying Col. Col. which meant *fellow of a college*; thoſe inaccuracies in behaviour having been, by Lady Onſlow, called behaving like a mere ſcholar, or fellow of a college.

ONE

ONE day Mr. Harveſt, being in a punt on the Thames with Mr. Onſlow, began to read a beautiful paſſage in ſome Greek author, and throwing himſelf backwards in an extaſy, fell into the water, whence he was with difficulty fiſhed out.

WHEN Lord Sandwich was canvaſſing for the vice-chancellorſhip of Cambridge, Mr. Harveſt, who had been his ſchool-fellow at Eaton, went down to give him his vote; one day at dinner, in a large company, my Lord jeſting with Harveſt on their ſchool-boy tricks, the parſon ſuddenly exclaimed, *Apropos*, whence do you derive your nick-name of Jemmy Twitcher? Why, anſwered his Lordſhip, from ſome fooliſh fellow. — No, no, interrupted Harveſt, it is not ſome, but every body, that calls you ſo :— on which my Lord, being near the pudding, put a large ſlice on the Doctor's plate, who inſtantly ſeizing it ſtopped his own mouth.

ONCE being to preach before the clergy at the viſitation, he had three ſermons in his pocket: ſome wags got poſſeſſion of them, mixed the leaves, and ſewed them all up as one. Mr. Harveſt began his ſermon, and ſoon loſt the thread of his diſcourſe, and grew confuſed; but nevertheleſs continued till he had

preached out firſt all the churchwardens, and next the clergy; who thought he was taken mad.

ONCE Lady Onſlow took him to ſee Garrick play ſome favourite character. In order that he might have an uninterrupted ſight, ſhe procured a front row in the front boxes. Harveſt knowing he was to ſleep in town, literally brought his night-cap in his pocket. It was of ſtriped woollen, and had been worn, ſince it was laſt waſhed, at leaſt half-a-year. In pulling out his handkerchief, his cap came with it, and fell into the pit: the perſon on whom it fell toſſed it from him, the next did the ſame, and the cap was for ſome minutes toſſed to and fro all over the pit. Harveſt, who was afraid of loſing his property, got up, and after hemming two or three times, to clear his pipes, began the following oration: Gentlemen, when you have ſufficiently amuſed yourſelves with that cap, pleaſe to reſtore it to me who am the owner; at the ſame time bowing and placing his left hand on his breaſt. The mob, ſtruck with his manner, handed up the cap on the end of one of their ſticks, like the head of a traitor on the point of a lance.

THE

THE Doctor was a great lover of pudding as well as argument. Once, at a viſitation, the Archdeacon was talking very pathetically on the tranſitory things of this life; among which he enumerated many particulars; ſuch as health, beauty, riches, and power: the Doctor, who liſtened with great attention, turning about to help himſelf to a ſlice of pudding, found it was all eaten; on which, turning to the Archdeacon, he begged, that in the future catalogue of tranſitory things he would not forget to inſert a pudding.

Theſe pleaſant biographical ſketches are publiſhed from Captain Groſe's manuſcript: ſo is that which follows; though, with ſome other articles in this volume, it has already appeared in the Anecdotes of Mr. Andrews, to whom it was communicated by the author.

PARSON PATTEN.

THE Rev. Mr. Patten, curate of Whitſtable, was of a very ſingular character: he had originally been a ſea chaplain, and contracted much of the tar-like roughneſs: he was of an athletic make, and had ſome wit and humour, not reſtrained by any very ſtrict ideas of profeſſional propriety. He was for many years curate of Whitſtable, at a very ſmall ſtipend, and uſed to travel, to ſerve that and another church, in a butcher's cart. Whitſtable is ſituated by the ſea-ſide, and is extremely agueiſh; ſo that had he been diſmiſſed, it would not have been very eaſy for the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, who was the rector, to have procured another curate at the ſame price. This he well knew; and, preſuming on it, was a terror to every new Archbiſhop.

Mr. Patten was not a rigid high prieſt; he openly kept a miſtreſs; and on any one going into

into church in ſermon time, and ſhewing him a lemon, he would inſtantly conclude his diſcourſe and adjourn to the alehouſe. He uſed to call the Prebendaries of Canterbury, Cardinals, and all the young fellows of his acquaintance, who came over to Whitſtable, *his nephews.*

WHEN Dr. Wake was Archbiſhop, ſome tale-bearer informed his Grace, that Patten had given a marriage certificate, which he had ſigned by the title of Biſhop of Whitſtable! At his next viſitation the Archbiſhop ſternly aſked Mr. Patten whether that report was true? to which Patten replied, I ſhall anſwer your Grace's queſtion by another—Are you fool enough to take notice of it?

WHEN Dr. Secker was enthroned, or ſoon after, he gave a charge to his clergy, and among other articles found great fault with the ſcanty allowance frequently paid to curates: Patten, who was there (though not ſummoned, the biſhop fearful of ſome of his remarks, having ordered the Proctor to leave him out of the liſt) got up, and bowing to the Archbiſhop, ſaid with a loud voice, *I thank your Grace.* After the charge was over, the Proctor, by miſtake, called the Rev. Mr. Patten, who, buſtling through the crowd, came up to the Archbiſhop:

he ſeeing he could not avoid it, began with the uſual queſtion, You are, Sir, I think, curate of Whiſtable? To which Patten replied, I am, may it pleaſe your Grace, and have for it received from your Grace's predeceſſors the paltry ſum of thirty pounds per annum only, although the living brings in above three hundred. Don't enlarge, ſaid the Archbiſhop; No, but I hope your Grace will, rejoined Mr. Patten.

The following Story, of Parſon Patten laying a Ghoſt, I had from his own mouth.

A ſubſtantial farmer, married to a ſecond wife, and who had a ſon grown up to man's eſtate, frequently promiſed to take him in as a partner in his farm, or at leaſt to leave it to him at his deceaſe; but having neglected to do either, on his death, his widow took poſſeſſion of the leaſe, and carried on the buſineſs; the ſon in vain urging the father's promiſe, and requeſting ſhe would at leaſt take him as a partner. In order to terrify his mother into a compliance, he uſed to riſe at midnight, and with hideous groans to drag the waggon chain about the yard and outhouſes, circulating a report that this noiſe was occaſioned by his

his father's ghoſt, and that he would not reſt quietly in his grave till his promiſe to his ſon was completed. This was carried on for ſome time; till at length the widow, who had no reliſh for giving up any part of the farm, applied to Mr. Patten (in whoſe pariſh the farm lay) for his advice, ſaying ſhe would have the ghoſt laid in the Red Sea, if he could do it. Patten, though no believer in ghoſts, reſolved to turn this matter to his own advantage, and putting on a grave countenance, told her, that what ſhe required was no ſmall matter; that to lay a ghoſt, beſides a good ſtock of courage, required much learning, as the whole form muſt neceſſarily be pronounced in Latin; wherefore he could not afford to do it under a guinea. The widow hereupon demurred for ſome time; but at length, tired out with the freaks of the ſuppoſed ghoſt, who every day became more and more outrageous, agreed to give it. Patten moreover, required a fire in the beſt parlour, two candles, and a large bowl of punch. Theſe being all prepared, the Parſon took his poſt, expecting the ghoſt. The farmer's ſon, who did not know the ſort of man he had to deal with, thought he could frighten the Parſon, and accordingly at twelve began his perambulation. No ſooner

did Patten hear his chain and groans than he ſallied forth, and, without any farther ceremony, ſeized the ſuppoſed ghoſt by the collar, belabouring him at the ſame time heartily with a good oak ſapling. The young farmer, finding himſelf by no means a match for his opponent, fell down on his knees, and confeſſed the contrivance; beſeeching the Parſon, at the ſame time, not to expoſe him, nor reveal it to his mother-in-law, who would have been glad of the pretence to turn him out of the houſe. The Parſon, on the young man's promiſe never to diſturb the houſe again, let him go, and undertook to ſettle matters with his mother-in-law.

Early next morning ſhe came down, anxious to know what had paſſed the preceding night, when the Parſon, with a well-counterfeited terror in his countenance, told her he had been engaged in a terrible conflict, the deceaſed being one of the moſt obſtinate and fierce ſpirits he had ever met with; but that he had at length, with great difficulty and expence of Latin, laid him: poor wicked ſoul, ſays he, I forgive him, though great part of his diſquiet is owing to thirty ſhillings for tythes of which he defrauded me, but which he deſired,

deſired, nay, commanded, you ſhould pay; and on that condition only he has agreed to trouble the houſe no more: he does not inſiſt on your completing his promiſe to your ſon, but wiſhes you would at leaſt let him have a ſhare in the farm. To all this the woman aſſented, and the Parſon received the thirty ſhillings over and above the ſtipulated guinea. The woman likewiſe admitted her ſon-in-law joint partner with her in the leaſe.

Among the good qualities the Rev. Mr. Patten had to boaſt of, that of a good pay-maſter was not included: on the contrary, fame ſpoke ſo unfavourably of him, reſpecting this article, that none of the Canterbury tradeſmen would let him have a ſingle article of goods without firſt depoſiting the ready money for it. Under this predicament, his wig had long paſſed through the medium of ſtrait hair to the ſtate of curling negatively or inwards; or, in plain terms, was reduced to the condition of being only fit for a ſcare-crow: but how to get another was the difficulty; he had not the money, and Chriſtian faith was wanting.

In this ſituation, he accidentally heard of a new perukemaker from London, who had lately

ſettled in the High-ſtreet. To him he went a little before dinner time, and beſpoke a full cauliflower wig. The barber, ſtruck with the reverend appearance of his new cuſtomer, whoſe character had not reached his ears, gladly undertook to furniſh him; and his dinner being ready, he reſpectfully begged the honour of the Doctor's company to partake of it, and afterwards introduced a large bowl of punch: Patten ate and drank heartily, and got into great good humour. When the bowl was out, the barber would have proceeded to buſineſs, and produced his meaſures; but Patten cut him ſhort, and greatly ſurpriſed him, by ſaying, he need not trouble himſelf to meaſure him: he would get his wig elſewhere. The barber, fearing he had taken offence at ſomething that had paſſed at table, humbly begged pardon if he had been wanting in reſpect, proteſting it was unintentional, and contrary to his meaning. No, no, Sir, anſwered Patten, it is nothing of that: look you, I find you are an honeſt, generous fellow; it would be a pity to take you in; I ſhould never have paid you for your wig; I will therefore get it elſewhere.

A neighbouring clergyman, who pretended to

to great ſkill in the Hebrew and Oriental languages, ſhewed Patten his ſtudy, in which were books in almoſt every language. And pray, brother, ſaid Patten, do you underſtand all theſe different tongues? On being anſwered in the affirmative; one would think, rejoined he, that you had got your head broken with a brick from the tower of Babel.

PATTEN long refuſed to read the Athanaſian Creed. The Archdeacon, reproving him for that omiſſion, told him, his Grace the Archbiſhop read it: that may be, anſwered Patten, perhaps he may believe it, but I don't: he believes at the rate of ſeven thouſand per annum; I at that of leſs than fifty.

PATTEN, in his laſt ſickneſs, was in great diſtreſs, which Dr. Secker hearing, ſent him ten guineas by the Archdeacon; to whom he made the following acknowledgement: Thank his Grace moſt heartily, and tell him, now I know he is a man of God, for I have ſeen his good angels.

JOHN

JOHN WARBURTON.

JOHN WARBURTON, Somerſet Herald, was born in the north of England, and (as I have heard him ſay) was, at his firſt ſetting out in life, an exciſeman; after which he became a ſuperviſor. He had little or no education, being not only ignorant of the Latin, but incapable of writing two ſentences in good Engliſh. All the publications under his name, both books and maps, were done by others, hired by him: his knowledge of the mathematics was not at all ſuperior to his other literary acquirements; I can myſelf aver, that he ſcarcely knew the difference between a right and an acute angle; and when I knew him he could not have done his duty as an exciſeman, though gauging, like navigation, as practiſed by our ordinary ſeamen, conſiſts only in multiplying and dividing certain numbers, or writing by an inſtrument, the rationale of both which they are totally ignorant of. Although he wanted learning and true abi-

lities,

lities, he poſſeſſed what, in the commerce of the world, often anſwers the ends of both; that is, he was poſſeſſed of a deal of low cunning, and not being impeded by any principles of honour, he frequently gained both profit and reputation, to which he had not the leaſt title.

THE following is an inſtance of his readineſs to catch at any opportunity that offered to impoſe on the unwary. Walking one day through the ſtreets of London, he paſſed by the houſe of Mr. Stainbank, a rich merchant, over whoſe door he ſaw an atchievement or hatchment, on which were painted three caſtles, ſomewhat like thoſe borne in the arms of Portugal: he went immediately home, and wrote a ſhort note, begging to ſee Mr. Stainbank on very particular buſineſs. The gentleman came; when Mr. Warburton, with a great deal of ſeeming concern, told him the Portugueſe Ambaſſador had been with him, and directed him to commence a proſecution againſt him for aſſuming the royal arms of Portugal; and beſides, meant to exhibit a complaint againſt him to the Houſe of Lords, for a breach of privilege. Mr. Stainbank, terrified at the impending danger, begged his advice and aſſiſtance, for which he promiſed to reward him handſomely. Warburton,

burton, after ſome conſideration, ſaid he had hit on a method to bring him out of this very ugly ſcrape; which was, that he ſhould purchaſe a coat of arms, which he would deviſe for him, as like as poſſible to that on the atchievement, and that he would ſhew it to the Ambaſſador, and confirm its being his legal coat of arms; and ſay, that the ſimilitude complained of was owing to the blunder of the painter.

THE arms were granted in due form, and paid for; when Warburton, over and above his ſhare of the forty pounds, aſked and obtained a particular reward for appeaſing the repreſentative of his Portugueſe Majeſty.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, and many other like dirty tricks, he clearly proved the truth of that proverb which ſays, Honeſty is the beſt policy—by dying a beggar.

HIS life was one continued ſcene of ſquabbles and diſputes with his brethren, by whom he was deſpiſed and detected. He married his wife's ſon, when a minor, to one of his daughters.

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

Doctor Johnſon's Dictionary was not entirely written by himſelf; one Steward, a porter-drinking man, was employed with him; Steward's buſineſs was to collect the authorities for the different words.

Whilst this Dictionary was in hand, Dr. Johnſon was in debt to a milkman, who attempted to arreſt him. The Doctor then lived in Gough-ſquare. Once on an alarm of this kind, he brought down his bed and barricadoed the door, and from the window harangued the milkman and bailiffs in theſe words: "Depend upon it, I will defend this my little citadel to the utmoſt."

About this time the Doctor exhibited a proof that the moſt ingenuous mind may be ſo debaſed by diſtreſs as to commit mean actions.—In order to raiſe a preſent ſupply, Johnſon delivered to Mr. Strahan the printer, as new copy, ſeveral ſheets of his Dictionary, already printed and paid for; for which he thus obtained a ſecond payment. The Doctor's credit with his

Book-

Bookſeller not being then ſterling, and the occaſion for money very preſſing, ways and means, to raiſe the ſupply wanted, were neceſſary to prevent a refuſal.

THESE circumſtances the author mentions that he received from a perſon who was concerned in printing the Dictionary.

DOCTOR BUTLER.

DR. Ducarrel told me, that Dr. Butler, biſhop of Oxford, was originally a printer's boy, ſtyled a Devil; and that when Lidiard's Naval Hiſtory was printing, he attended Sir Joſeph Ayloff with the proof ſheets. He was afterwards apprentice to Wilcox a bookſeller; and in order to obtain a woman with a good fortune, who had declared ſhe would marry none but a clergyman, he officiated as ſuch, though unordained. The acquiſition of fortune with this wife enabled him to get a real ordination; but ſhe having ſecured her money for her life, he was conſtrained for a livelihood to keep a lodging-houſe for Weſtminſter boys. This wife dying, he married a ſecond, alſo poſſeſſed of a good fortune.

SIR

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Sir John Hawkins was the ſon of a poor carpenter in the city, and was brought up an attorney. Having a turn for muſic and writing ſmall poems and ſongs, he was taken notice of by Mr. Belcher, the ſurgeon, Dr. Stanley, the blind muſician, Mr. Twining, and divers other lovers of muſic, with whom he lived in the greateſt intimacy. Afterwards marrying an old maid, with whom, at different times, he had near forty thouſand pounds, he dropt and broke with all his former acquaintance, by various ungrateful and unhandſome methods.

Mr. Belcher uſed to tell the following ſtory, to ſhew what a low kind of woman his mother was. He (Mr. Belcher) meeting her a ſhort time before the abovementioned marriage took place, wiſhed her much joy of her ſon's good fortune; on which ſhe, to ſhew her ſon's worthineſs of it, ſaid, Lord, Sir, my ſon has half a dozen as handſome ſhirts as any gentleman in England need to wear!

GENE-

GENERAL LLOYD.

GENERAL Humphry Lloyd was clerk to Mr. Hugh Lloyd, an Attorney at Birth, near Ruthin, in Denbighſhire. In 1746 he went out of curioſity to ſee the Rebels at Mancheſter. He had a freehold eſtate in Montgomeryſhire, of about ſixty pounds per annum, which he ſpent in about a year, at the Yacht, at Cheſter; after which, having taken in a Jew for three hundred pounds, he went abroad, and got into the Pruſſian ſervice, and from thence into that of the Empreſs of Ruſſia. This account I had from Captain Lloyd, who knew him. He roſe to be ſecond in command, and was ſo high in favour, as to venture inviting the Empreſs to ſup or dine with him, which, though contrary to the etiquette of the court, ſhe promiſed, but did not come; at which he pretended to be much offended, and ſhewed indecent ſigns of reſentment ſo as to incur the anger of the Empreſs.

DURING his command of the Ruſſian army, he is ſaid to have unneceſſarily burned a Turkiſh town,

town, whereby near five thouſand perſons periſhed. Theſe particulars I had from the Rev. Mr. Tooke, chaplain to the Britiſh factory at Peterſburg.

FOURNIER.

DANIEL FOURNIER was educated a chaſer, and afterwards ſucceſſively followed the occupation of alamode-beef-maker, a cobler and a dealer in butter and eggs. He likewiſe taught drawing; and at about the age of fifty he wrote his book of perſpective: during the time he was writing it, he uſed to draw the diagrams on the alehouſe tables with chalk or porter, and was known by the appellation of the Mad Geometer. He etched well, and was employed by M'Kenzie to etch the ſurvey of the Leeward Iſlands. He had a ſtrong mechanical genius, and actually made a fiddle, and taught himſelf to play on it. He died in Wild-court, Wild-ſtreet, about the year 1766.

CHATE-

CHATELAIN.

CHATELAIN, the engraver, had been a lieutenant in the French ſervice: his name was John Philipes, to which he aſſumed his mother's name of Chatelain. Mr. Gandon, the architect, told me he ſaw his commiſſion, and once had a pocket-book of his with the military operations of a campaign he ſerved: he was at the ſame time, as appeared from that book, a ſtudent in alchymy, on which ſubject he had many books.

CHATELAIN died of an indigeſtion after a hearty ſupper of lobſters: he then lodged at a carpenter's in a court near Shug-lane: going home after his ſupper of lobſters, he bought and eat an hundred of aſparagus: he was buried by ſubſcription.

CHATELAIN was a great epicure: Mr. Gandon, ſen. going into King Harry's Head, the corner of Chancery-lane, ſaw a turkey and a large fowl roaſting, which the landlord told him was for an *outlandiſh drawer:* on enquiry this proved

proved to be Chatelain, who told him he had quarrelled with his wife; that the turkey was for himſelf, and that the bitch (meaning his wife) might ſtarve on the fowl and a pint of wine.

CHATELAIN uſed to be paid by ſeveral of his employers, particularly Meſſrs. Goupy, Pond, and Vivares, two ſhillings and ſixpence an hour for etching: after earning half a guinea he would work no more, and never choſe to bite in a plate.

HE had ſpent four years in making drawings of the environs of London: when ſtanding to hear Whitfield preach, he had his pocket picked of his ſketch-book. He was once taken up and pounded in St. Giles's pound by a farmer, for trampling down his graſs.

HE was a tall, well-looking man, and always wore a whitiſh coat.

CLEE, the engraver, uſed to invite him to dinner, and whilſt it was getting ready, had chalk and other drawing materials put before him, always taking care that dinner ſhould not be produced till the drawing was finiſhed.

CLEE uſed likewiſe to lend Chatelain money on his drawings.

CHATELAIN died about May, 1758: he was, at the time of his death, about fifty years old.

Although

Although a great manneriſt in his drawings, yet he was conſidered by Woollet and others as the father of the broad, free manner of etching.

THE above anecdotes were told me by Mr. Gandon, who knew them to be fact.

TULL.

TULL painted ſmall landſcapes in the ſtyle of Gainſborough, or rather Rildale: there is a great deal of nature in his pieces, which were moſtly views of cottages, &c. after nature. He was maſter of the charity-ſchool of St. George's, Southwark, and died very young. Mr. Panton Betew, of Compton-ſtreet, Soho, had many of his pictures.

WOR-

WORLIDGE.

WORLIDGE in the early part of his life, was one that literally followed the precept of the ſcripture, taking no care for to-morrow. He was alſo a great epicure: one day, after having faſted for near twenty-four hours, not through devotion, but becauſe he could not purchaſe a dinner, he luckily found half-a-guinea, with which he immediately purchaſed a pint of green peaſe, then juſt coming in ſeaſon.

THIS anecdote I had from Mr. Bridges the player, who married one of his relations.

HOLLAR.

HOLLAR uſed to work with an hour-glaſs before him; the price he received from his employers was four-pence per hour. He was ſo ſcrupulouſly juſt, that if called out on any buſineſs,

though by the party for whom he was working, he always turned up his glaſs, in order to avoid charging for more time that what he actually employed in working.

HEKEL.

Augustine Hekel was born at Augſbourg in Germany; his father was a chaſer, and brought him up to that buſineſs. After working in moſt of the capital cities in Germany and France, he ſettled in England, and was eſteemed the beſt workman of that time, particularly for the human figure. By his induſtry he acquired a competency that enabled him to retire to Richmond in Surry, where he amuſed himſelf with painting landſcapes and flowers. He drew ſeveral views in and about Richmond (which were engraved by Bowles and Sayer); the battle of Culloden, engraved by Sullivan; and etched eight ſmall views.

PERRY.

PERRY.

FRANCIS PERRY, born at Abingdon in Berkſhire, was originally put apprentice to a hoſier, but ſhewing a deſire of becoming a painter, and perſiſting in it, his friends placed him with one of the Vanderbanks, who being a very diſſipated and diſtreſſed man, employed him more in obtaining goods on credit, than painting or deſigning. Among other ſhifts he uſed to ſend him for coals, which he fetched in the table-cloth. He afterwards was a pupil to Mr. Richardſon, with whom he learned to etch.---- In the rebellion he was employed as clerk to a commiſſary, and went down into Staffordſhire, where he drew Litchfield cathedral; this he afterwards engraved and publiſhed.—His chief excellence was in engraving coins, which he did with great neatneſs. He was a very honeſt induſtrious man, blind of one eye; he etched ſeveral plates of antiquities.

SMITH.

SMITH*, the mezzotinto ſcraper, had a blue paper book in which he had paſted many proofs of his works, really taken as ſuch: for this, when he had left off ſcraping, he was much followed by the collectors. He uſed to receive them in great ſtate, giving audience to them ſitting on his cloſe-ſtool, and required much praying as well as paying, to part with a print from his blue book. At length finding how readily, and at what high prices theſe prints went off, the old fellow procured ſome ordinary impreſſions, which he trimmed cloſe, and ſtuck into that book, from whence they were purchaſed as proofs.

* Not J. R. Smith, who, as a mezzotinto engraver, takes the lead in this country, and is, by his works, well known in moſt parts of Europe.

ANECDOTES

ANECDOTES.

LORD NORTHINGTON, remarkable for his profligate and brutal manner of expreſſing himſelf on all occaſions, which had procured him the nick-name of Surly Bob, being at the point of death exclaimed, I'll be damn'd if I am not dying!---During his ſickneſs, his wife, daughter, and ſome female relations, coming to aſk the ſtate of his health, could not refrain from weeping; on which, in a paſſion, he roared out to his nurſe, *turn out all thoſe ſnivelling bitches except Bridget!* the lady diſtinguiſhed by this delicate preference was his daughter, lady Bridget Lane.

DURING the ſame illneſs, he ſent for the Duke of Chandois, then Marquis of Caernarvon, a man of great piety, who though ſurpriſed at the meſſage, waited upon him, and begged to be honoured with his Lordſhip's commands.

I ſent for you, ſays Bob, to beg you to recommend me ſome able parſon, whoſe advice I might ſafely take in regard to the neceſſary ſettlements reſpecting the future welfare of my ſoul, which I fear will be ſhortly ejected from my body. My Lord, replied the Marquis, I am ſurpriſed at the queſtion; as Chancellor, your Lordſhip has had the diſpoſal of much church preferment, which doubtleſs you always beſtowed on pious and deſerving perſons. For example what think you of Dr. T——? Oh! name him not, loudly exclaimed the quondam Chancellor: that is one of my crying ſins; I ſhall certainly be damned were it only for making that fellow a dean.

On his death-bed he ordered his gardiner to cut down ſome clumps of trees, purely, as it is ſaid, becauſe they were agreeable to his ſon. The gardener, willing to worſhip the riſing ſun, neglected to do it, expecting every moment the death of his old maſter. He, enquiring whether his commands had been obeyed, and being anſwered in the negative, eaſily conceived the gardener's motive for diſobedience, and ſending for him up into his chamber, thus addred him: *So, d---n you, you have not done*

as

as I ordered you; you think I am going; ſo I am and be d----d to you; but you ſhall go firſt; ſtrip him, ſaid he, to ſome of his attendants, *and kick him out of the houſe.*

LORD TYRAWLEY, a little before his death, was viſited by ſeveral Engliſhmen who came with a pretence of aſking how he did, but in reallty to ſee if he was dying, that they might apply for his employments. The old General, who comprehended their motives for being ſo ſolicitous about him, gave them the following anſwer: Gentlemen, I know your reaſons for enquiring after my health; I have but two things worth any one's having, my regiment, and my girl, neither of which will fall to your lot: I'll tell you how they will be diſpoſed of; a Scotchman will get the one, and an Iriſhman the other.

WARRANTS for wax for the body of king Edward I. appearing in the Exchequer accounts, temp. Edward III. ſome doubts aroſe among the antiquaries to what purpoſe that wax was applied; ſome maintaining that it was to encruſt the royal corpſe, in order to preſerve it from putrefaction; and others aſſerting, that it was uſed for tapers to burn about the tomb.

In order, if poſſible, to ſettle this diſpute, ſeveral members of the Antiquarian Society obtained leave to open the tomb of that monarch, in Weſtminſter Abbey, if poſſible to ſee whether any wax had really been uſed, and if it had produced the deſired effect.

THE members preſent at this ſearch were, the Dean of Weſtminſter, now biſhop of Rocheſter, with two of his Prebendaries; Sir Joſ. Ayloffe; the honourable Daines Barrington, and Mr. G-----.

AN account of the ſtate in which they found the body is printed in the Arcæologia.

WHILST the tomb was open, the Dean of Exeter obſerved Mr. G. to take ſomething privately

vately out of it, and convey it haſtily into his waiſtcoat pocket; this he immediately taxed him with, and inſiſted that what he had taken ſhould be reſtored, and replaced in the tomb. Mr. G—— at firſt denied it; but Sir Joſeph Ayloffe confirming the accuſation, a ſearch was inſiſted on, and the pocket turned inſide out, when it was diſcovered that Mr. G—— had ſecreted—not a gold crucifix, nor valuable ring, but a joint of the King's middle finger, which was again depoſited in the coffin, to the great diſpleaſure of Mr. G——. The ſtory was, however, for a while kept ſecret, but at length was whiſpered about, and ſoon became public.

THE late Lord Londonderry, being engaged to dine at Hampſtead, the night before he was to ſet out, dreamed that he broke his leg at a particular ſtyle: his dream, from ſome circumſtances, had ſo much weight with him, that he reſolved to walk, and in getting over that very ſtyle of which he dreamed, his foot ſlipped, ſo that he entangled and broke his leg. This ſtory he himſelf told to Major Hayman Rook, who related it to me.

——— WINYARD, Eſq. of Glouceſterſhire, a juſtice of the peace, and a great ſportſman, attending the funeral of his wife, arrayed in all the pomp of woe, and ſeemingly torpid with ſorrow, was ſuddenly rouſed from his grief by the ſtarting of a hare, on which, as if forgetting the melancholy buſineſs he was about, he immediately threw down his cloak and other incumbrances, and towing * on two greyhounds. the conſtant attendants of all his ſteps, purſued the game. The hare being killed, he rejoined the proceſſion, which had halted on the occaſion, and the bearers had ſet down the corpſe. Come, gentlemen, ſaid he, reſuming his melancholy tone, with his ſable veſtments, in the name of God let us proceed with the remains of my deareſt wife, and finiſh the ſorrowful ceremony for which we are met. This ſtory was told me by Mr. and Mrs. Bathurſt, of Lidney-park, Glonceſterſhire, who affirmed it to be literally true.

* Tow, tow, the word uſed in ſetting on the greyhounds in Glouceſterſhire.

DOC-

DOCTOR RILEY, of Monmouth, an Iriſhman by birth, married a ſuperannuated and ſickly old woman, who was poſſeſſed of an annuity for life of 100l. per annum, and the houſe in which ſhe lived, and of which by her marriage articles ſhe retained the diſpoſal. The Doctor, who to do him juſtice, had moſt carefully watched over her health with the greateſt ſolicitude, either out of love to her, or her annuity, finding ſhe could not live many days, made uſe of every endearment to induce her to leave him the houſe; among others, he conſulted her about her funeral ſupper, aſking her whether ſhe did not think a gammon of bacon they had in the chimney, with half a dozen fowls then in the coop, would be ſufficient? The old lady ſurviving a day or two beyond his expectation, and ſome of theſe fowls being killed for her uſe, he kindly expreſſed his fears to her, that there would not be ſufficient left if ſhe did not die in a day or two, for the above-mentioned occaſion.

ANOTHER inſtance of his attention was, the recommending a particular perſon to make her ſhroud, ſaying, ſhe was famous for making them neatly.

ALL theſe blandiſhments had not their deſired effect; and though he even requeſted her in direct words to leave him the houſe, ſhe bequeathed it to another.

IN Auguſt, 1775, when I was at Monmouth, theſe ſtories were told of the Doctor, his wife being juſt dead.

MR. CERVETTI, the famous player on the violoncello, ſo well known at the theatre by the nick-name of Noſey, one night, during his performance in the orcheſtra, received a violent blow on the noſe with a potatoe, thrown from the upper gallery; being a man of ſpirit, he with difficulty contained himſelf till the concluſion of the piece, which was no ſooner ended, than he ran up into the gallery, and aſked who was the ſcoundrel that had dared thus to aſſault him: the man being pointed out, Cervetti

ſeized

ſeized him by the collar, dragged him into the paſſage, end gave him a hearty drubbing. Some years after, returning from a ride, he met near Paddington, a cart load of convicts going to Tyburn: one of the priſoners ſeeing him, cried out, Noſey! Noſey! and telling the ſurrounding populace he had ſomething particular to ſay to Noſey, Cervetti was ſtopped, and his horſe led up to the cart, where he ſoon recognized the man who had thrown the potatoe, who told him, that being juſt going to leave the world, he was deſirous of dying in peace with all mankind: he therefore had taken the liberty of ſtopping him, to aſk his forgiveneſs for the offence he had formerly given him, and to aſſure him he entirely forgave him for the beating inflicted on him: then wiſhing him a good-day. bid the carter drive on.----This ſtory was often related by Cervetti to his friends.

THE

THE Rev. Mr. Echard, author of the Cauſes of the Contempt of the Clergy, was a man who frequently aſked favours for others, but never for himſelf. Once Queen Anne, being on a viſit to the Univerſity, the way was ſo crouded by a multitude of beggars, waiting to ſolicit her Majeſty's charity, that no one could paſs or repaſs. Dr. Echard, endeavouring to make his way through the croud, ſome of the ragged crew called out, make way there for Dr. Echard, as arrant a beggar as any among us.

ANNO 1779, one Mr. Conſtable of Woolwich, paſſing through the church-yard of that place, at 12 o'clock at night, was ſurpriſed to hear a loud noiſe, like that of ſeveral perſons ſinging; at firſt he thought it proceeded from the church; but on going to the church doors, found them ſhut faſt, and all within ſilent. The noiſe continuing, he looked round the church-yard,

yard, and obſerved a light in one of the large family tombs: going up to it, he found ſome drunken ſailors, who had got into a vault, and were regaling themſelves with bread, cheeſe, tobacco, and ſtrong beer. They told him they belonged to the Robuſte man of war, and, that having reſolved to ſpend a jolly night on ſhore, they had kept it up in a neighbouring alehouſe, till they were turned out by the landlord, and were obliged to take ſhelter here, to finiſh their evening. In their jollity, they had opened ſome of the coffins, and crammed the mouth of one of the bodies full of bread, cheeſe, and beer. Mr. Conſtable, with much difficulty, prevailed on them to teturn to their ſhip. In their way thither one of them being much in liquor, fell down and was ſuffocated in the mud. On which his comrades took him up on their ſhoulders, bringing him back to ſleep in company with the *honeſt gemmen* with whom he had paſſed the evening.----This ſtory is poſitively matter of fact.

WHEN

WHEN the Earl of Harrington was on his death-bed, many of his miſtreſſes called to ſee him; ſome were denied and others admitted.--Among the reſt, one being extremely ſolicitous for admittance, ſhe was told as a reaſon for the denial, that his Lordſhip had juſt received the ſacrament; to which ſhe anſwered, ſuppoſing it ſome kind of phyſic, that ſhe would wait patiently till it had worked off.

MAY 10th, 1777, Sir Joſeph Ayloffe, Mr. Brander, Mr. King, Mr. Loft, Mr. Claxton, myſelf, with divers other members of the Antiquarian Society, went to ſee Weſtminſter Abbey, when Sir Joſeph took upon him the office of Cicerone, which he moſt ably diſcharged, to the great contentment of all preſent, and particularly one of the vergers, who in overflowings of his approbation, probably increaſed by his gratitude for half-a-guinea, with which he was rewarded

warded for his attendance, took Sir Joſeph aſide, and after much preface, preſented him with a large half-decayed jaw-tooth which he ſaid he had extracted from the ſkull of King Richard the Second.

ANECDOTES, JESTS, BON MOTS.

CAUFIELD, to whom the management of the roads through the Highlands of Scotland devolved after General Wade, having brought his part of the road to join with that made by the General, in a fit of extaſy commenced poet by the following verſes, which preclude the neceſſity of ſaying he was an Iriſhman.

Had you but ſeen theſe roads before they were made,
You'd lift up your hands and bleſs Marſhal Wade.

THE ſame gentleman meeting Mr. Thomas Sandby, exclaimed, my dear Sandby, I'm glad to ſee you! pray is it you or your brother?

MR.

MR. MONINGS, maſter of the king's ſchool, Canterbury, being at a place where a gentleman expreſſed great apprehenſions on account of a bleeding he was next morning to undergo, by advice of his phyſician; a punſter then preſent told him, he would recommend him to employ that gentleman (pointing to Mr. Monings), who was a very ſafe and able *flay-botomiſt*.

DR. JOHN EGERTON, the preſent biſhop of Durham, on coming to that ſee employed one Due as his agent, to find out the true values of the eſtates held by leaſe under him, and in conſequence of Due's report, greatly raiſed both the fines and reſerved rents of his tenants; on which account the following toaſt was frequently drunk in and about Durham, "May the Lord take the Biſhop, and the Devil have his Due."

MR.

MR. WILKES going to the King's-head chop-houſe in Paternoſter-row, with a friend, in order to obſerve the humours of the place, accidentally ſeated himſelf near a rich and purſe-proud citizen, who almoſt ſtunned him with roaring for his *ſteak*, as he called it: Mr. Wilkes in the mean time aſking him ſome common queſtion, received a very brutal anſwer; the ſteak coming at that inſtant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, ſaying, ſee the difference between the city and the bear-garden, in the latter the bear is brought to the ſtake, but here the ſteak is brought to the bear.

THE ſame gentleman, during the proſecution carried on againſt him by adminiſtration, being in France, and at court, Madam Pompadour addreſſed him thus: you Engliſhmen are fine fellows, pray how far may a man go in his abuſe of the royal family among you? I do not at preſent know, replied he drily, but I am trying.

ON

ON the firſt of May, 1782, when debates ran high againſt the influence of the crown, and the patriots inſiſted much on the majeſty of the people, George Selwyn, happening with ſome friends to meet a party of chimney-ſweepers' boys, decorated with gilt paper, and other ludicrous ornaments, exclaimed, "I have often heard of the majeſty of the people, but never before had the pleaſure of ſeeing any of the young princes!"

A gentleman who had been in the Eaſt-Indies, ſaying it was cuſtomary there to bury the dead within twenty-four hours after their deceaſe---an Iriſh lady preſent, obſerved, ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould not die in India, as in that caſe ſhe ſhould run a riſque of being buried alive.

AFTER Lord John Townſhend carried the Weſtminſter election againſt Lord Hood, it was deter-

determined to have a cavalcade by way of triumph: this cauſed much ſpeculation among ſome Iriſh chairmen, one of them offered to bet a crown it would be only a foot cavalcade.

A ſailor on board a ſhip of war being frequently drunk, the captain aſſured him the next time he was guilty of that offence, he ſhould be ſeverely puniſhed; and at the ſame time forbid the purſer and all other perſons to let him have any liquor: ſhortly after this, fellow appeared very drunk; how he got the liquor no one could gueſs; the captain reſolved to find out and puniſh the perſon who had thus diſobeyed his order, promiſed to forgive him if he would tell how he got the liquor: after ſome heſitation, he hiccupped out, why, and pleaſe your honour, I tapped the governor; by which he meant he had ſtolen ſome of the arrack in which the body of an Eaſt-India governor was bringing home in that ſhip, for interment in England.

SOME

SOME perſons repreſenting to Mr. Fox the impropriety of the inſult offered to Mr. Pitt, in his return from dining with the grocer's company; Mr. Fox declared himſelf entirely innocent of that matter, he being at that time in bed with Mrs. Armſtead, who, he ſaid was ready to prove it on oath. George Selwyn, who happened to be preſent, obſerved, this was the common defence of moſt culprits at the Old Bailey, who pleaded an alibi, and brought their whores to ſwear it.

MR. HEYMAN having exhibited a miſerable picture of Peter denying Chriſt; a wag obſerved, that any one would have denied *ſuch a Chriſt.*

A certain reprobate buck parſon, going to read prayers at a remote village in the weſt of England,

England, found great difficulty in putting on the ſurplice, which was an old faſhioned one: damn this old ſurplice, ſaid he to the clerk, I think the devil is in it! the aſtoniſhed clerk waited till the parſon had got it on, and then ſarcaſtically anſwered, I thinks as how he is Zir.

IN Suffolk black puddings made in guts are called links: once when King George II. landed at Harwich, it was ſo dark by the time he reached Copeluck that lights were thought neceſſary: the harbinger or officer going before, enquiring of the landlady of the inn, if ſhe had any flambeaux or could procure any? being anſwered in the negative, he aſked her if ſhe had any links? Ay, that I have, ſaid ſhe, and ſome as good as his Majeſty, God bleſs him, ever eat in all his life.

DR. HALIFAX, when at the univerſity, was known by the nick-name of Louſe, from his courting the company of the *Heads* of Houſes.

A lover

A lover of muſic having bored a friend who called on him, with a number of ſonatas, and other pieces on the fiddle, obſerved to his friend, that they were all of them extremely difficult; his friend, who did not love muſic, dryly replied, I wiſh they had been all impoſſible.

DR. SHARP of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous manner of prefacing every thing he ſaid with the words, *I ſay:* an under-graduate having, as the Doctor was informed, mimicked him in this peculiarity, he ſent for him to give him a jobation, which he thus began; I ſay, they ſay, you ſay, I ſay, I ſay; when finding the ridiculous combination in which his ſpeech was involved, he concluded by bidding him begone to his room.

THE Duke of Norfolk boaſting to George Selwyn of his eſtates, many of which he had mortgaged for part of the purchaſe money, added, and what is more, they are all of my own creation. George drily obſerved to him, that to make all perfect, there muſt be a redeemer as well as a creator.

A certain bruiſing parſon, of the name of Day, being examined at the Old Bailey on ſome point, the counſel, according to the laudable cuſtom of the court, attempted to browbeat him; I think you are the bruiſing parſon, ſaid he; I am, anſwered the reverend divine, and if you doubt it and will come out of court, I will give it you under my hand.

DR. WILSON, a particular friend and admirer of Garrick's, was a great punſter; he one day ſeeing Dr. Brockleſby coming into Batſon's

coffee-houſe, then chiefly uſed by phyſicians, addreſſed him by the name of Dr. Rock; to which the Doctor objecting with ſome warmth, Wilſon undertook to prove it algebraically, thus, Brock—leſs B— that is, Brock without the B— which it cannot be denied is Rock.

GEORGE SELWYN, ſeeing Calcraft and Lord Granby ſitting together on a bench in the Park, addreſſed the former thus; Date obolum Beliſario.

TAKE your noſe out of the way and let me paſs, ſaid a young ſpark to a quaker with a large noſe; freely, anſwered the friend, turning his noſe aſide with his finger, fools don't pay here.

LIEUT. FORBES, of the royal regiment of artillery, having, as he thought, diſcovered ſome improvements on the mortar, cauſed one to

to be made; but as after ſeveral trials, it was not found to anſwer, the Board of Ordnance refuſed to pay for it: wherefore he had the following motto engraved upon it:

Johannis Forbes, Aberdeenienſis,
Made this mortar at his own expences.

AN Iriſhman explaining the reaſon why the alphabet is called the Criſs-croſs Rowe, ſaid, it was becauſe Chriſt's croſs was prefixed at the beginning and end of it.

AN Iriſhman ſpeaking of the rapacity of the clergy, in exacting their tythes, ſaid, By Jaſus let a farmer be ever ſo poor, they won't fail to make him pay their full tenths, whether he can or not; nay, they would find it in their hearts inſtead of the tenth to take the twentieth if the law would permit them.

AN Iriſhman ſpeaking of ſuicide ſaid, the only way to ſtop it was, by making it a capital offence, puniſhable with death.

A gentleman obſerved to Dr. Echard, that in his treatiſe on the Cauſes of the Contempt of the Clergy, he had omitted one very material one: What is that, aſked the Doctor? The good ſenſe of the laity, anſwered the gentleman.

THE firſt regiment of foot, or royal Scots, are jocularly called Pontius Pilate's guards.—A certain officer, very apt to cut his jokes, ſeeing a very old ſerjeant of that corps, during a total

total eclipſe of the ſun, drily aſked him, Pray, ſerjeant, was it much darker than this at the crucifixion?

COL. BODENS, who was very fat, being accoſted by a man to whom he owed money, with a how-d'ye? anſwered, pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold my own: yes, Sir, rejoined the man, and mine too, to my ſorrow.

ONE ſpeaking of a very bad man, juſt dead, concluded with ſaying, well, let us ſay no more of him, he is now dead and at reſt.—No, by G—d, anſwered a by-ſtander, not at reſt, unleſs the devil is dead too.

A lady dying, who was much giving to ſcolding particularly at the ſervants; her huſband

cauſed an atchievement to be put againſt his houſe, under which was the following common motto, *In Cœlo quies*. The coachmen aſked the undertaker's apprentice the meaning of theſe words, and on being informed it was *there is reſt in heaven*, anſwered, then I'm ſure miſtreſs be'ant there.

AN Iriſhman angling in the rain, was obſerved to keep his line under the arch of a bridge; upon being aſked the reaſon, he gave the following anſwer: By Jaſus all the fiſhes will be after crouding there, in order to keep out of the wet.

A jolly Bacchanalian, reproaching a ſober man for refuſing his glaſs, obſerved, that he was like a brute beaſt, never drinking but when he was thirſty, and then nothing but water.

NOT-

NOTWITHSTANDING the many ſtories told of George Selwyn reſpecting his fondneſs for ſeeing capital executions, I was told by the Rev. Dr. Warner, his particular friend, that there was not the leaſt foundation for any of them; and that he doubted whether Mr. Selwyn ever purpoſely went to three executions in his life.

AN Iriſh ſervant enquiring for Lieut. Palles, among other deſcriptions, added, he was either nephew or niece to Col. Wilkinſon, he could not tell which.

CAPTAIN Patrick Blake, well known for his many bulls, was in reality a well-meaning and religious man: once being in company where ſome young officers were talking lightly on religious ſubjects, he was obſerved to hear them with apparent uneaſineſs: at length one

of them mentioning the devil in rather a ludicrous manner, he jumped out of his chair and inſiſted on leaving off that indecent diſcourſe, ſwearing by Jaſus, the devil was an improper ſubject for their mirth, being the fourth perſon in the Trinity.

A lady reproving a gentleman, during the late hard froſt, for ſwearing, adviſed him to leave it off, ſaying it was a very bad habit: very true, Madam, anſwered he, but at preſent it is too cold to think of parting with any habit, be it ever ſo bad.

LIEUTENANTS —— being extremely ill and almoſt dead for want of reſt, it was thought expedient to give him an opiate; whilſt it was preparing, his diſorder being at a criſis, he fell into a profound ſleep; his friend and countryman Lieut. A-— P---—, who had attended him with the moſt unremitting care, ſeeing the ſtate

he

he was in, ſhook him violently by the ſhoulder, exclaiming, arrah my good friend, don't be after ſleeping now, but wait till you have taken your ſleeping ſtuff!

LIEUTENANTS R——— and P———, being at Ringwood, entered into a diſpute concerning the proportion allowed the military out of the produce of ſmuggled goods, ſeized under their protection: both agreed it was a moiety, but how much a moiety was they could not tell; after much altercation, it was agreed to decide it by a bet, and a ſerjeant was ſent to Pool on foot, being near twelve miles diſtant, to aſk the collector of the cuſtoms whether a moiety was third or a fourth.

ENSIGN B---, an Iriſh officer in the Surry regiment, overtaking ſome ladies walking in the Biſhop's park at Farnham, thus addreſſed them,

Arrah, ladies, by my ſoul I have been after following you this hour and could not meet you before now.

MR. Fox, in his canvaſs for Weſtminiſter, againſt Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, in the year 1784, applied to a butcher at one of the markets; after making his bow, and telling his name and buſineſs, the butcher preſſed him to walk in that he might introduce him to his wife and daughter, who had often wiſhed to ſee him. Mr. Fox ſaying he ſhould be happy to pay his reſpects to the ladies, was uſhered into a back room, and formally introduced to the greaſy females, whom he was deſired by the butcher to ſalute, which he having done with much ceremony, the butcher turned to him, ſaying, and now, Sir, you have kiſſed my wife, and you have kiſſed my daughter, you may alſo kiſs my a---e and begone, for I'll be damned if I vote for you.

ASKING

ASKING another perſon for his vote, he received the following anſwer---I admire your head, but damn your heart: to which Mr. Fox replied, I approve your candour, but damn your manners.

DURING the poll a dead cat being thrown on the huſtings, one of Sir Cecil Wray's party obſerved it ſtunk worſe than a fox :---to which Mr. Fox replied, there was nothing extraordinary in that, conſidering it was a poll-cat.

IN May 1784, a bill, intended to limit the privilege of franking, was ſent from Ireland for the royal approbation: in it was a clauſe enacting, that any member who, from illneſs or other cauſe, ſhould be unable to write, might authoriſe

ſome

ſome other perſon to frank for him, provided, that on the back of the letter ſo franked, the member doth, at the ſame time, give under his hand a full certificate of his inability to write.

IN another bill for pulling down the Old Newgate at Dublin, and re-building it on the ſame ſpot, in which the old materials were to be employed, it was enacted, that to prevent uſeleſs expence, the priſoners remain in the Old Newgate till the new one was finiſhed.

LIEUTENANTS B----- and D----- being at Portſmouth, and talking of the gallant defence made by a Spaniſh frigate then juſt taken and brought into that port: a diſpute aroſe whether it was thirteen men out of fifteen, or fifteen out of thirteen that were killed at one gun: on which they referred to one of their countrymen ſtanding by; who anſwered, he would

would not be poſitive which of the two it was, but believed the latter.

THE Rev. Mr. Newman of Froyle, having written an acroſtick on Miſs Hurſt, one of the Farnham beauties, Enſign B---- begged leave to copy it, ſaying, he would preſent it to Miſs Bever, as an acroſtick of his own compoſition, made upon her.

THE ſame gentleman, having received a letter from Ireland, informing him, that his mother, who was a widow, had married again, went in great perturbation of mind to Captain G——, ſaying, blood and oons! there's that B. my mother, is married again; I hope ſhe won't have a ſon older than me, for by Jaſus if ſhe has I ſhall be cut out of the eſtate!

IN the year 1790, when the Lord Chancellor Thurlow was ſuppoſed on no very friendly terms with the miniſter, Mr. Pitt; a friend aſking the latter, how Thurlow drew with them? I don't know, ſays the premier, how he draws, but he has not yet refuſed his oats.

A drummer of the 104th regiment executing his duty on an Iriſh recruit, who was to receive a certain number of laſhes; the fellow, as is cuſtomary, cried out, "Strike high, ſtrike high:" the drummer, who was alſo an Iriſhman, deſirous of obliging his countryman, did as he was requeſted; but the ſufferer ſtill continuing to roar out through pain, the drummer was offended——"The devil burn you," quoth he, "there is no pleaſing you ſtrike where one will."

SKETCHES

SKETCHES OF THE TIMES.

Several of theſe are in the Manner of Mercier's Tableau de Paris.

LONDON.

LONDON is of all places the moſt convenient and retired for a man of ſmall fortune; there every ſort of neceſſary is to be had in the ſmalleſt quantities; and provided a man has a clean ſhirt and three-pence in his pocket, he may talk as loud in the coffee-houſe as the 'ſquire of ten thouſand pounds a-year. No one aſks how he lives or where he dined: it is not ſo in the country; your neighbours wanting that conſtant ſupply of news or amuſement to be had in a great city, buſy themſelves in the minuteſt enquiries, not only ſcrutinizing into the birth, parentage,

parentage, education, and fortune, of their neighbours, but even retailing the articles of their daily houſekeeping; inſomuch that at the little chandler's ſhop in every village, it is exactly known how many eggs each inhabitant had in his laſt Sunday's pudding.

VISITING.

In polite viſiting it ſeems an implied contract that the parties ſhall not meet: a very fine lady at ſtated times ſends round her empty chair attended by her footmen to leave her cards at the houſes of thoſe who ſtand on her viſiting liſt: they, in their turn, repay her in like coin, both on thoſe occaſions ordering their ſervants to deny them; that is, to ſay they are not at home; a circumſtance ſo uſual, that an innocent country boy, ſervant to an eminent taylor, who had been chid for telling truth in going to the door, would not anſwer whether his miſtreſs was at home or not till he had aſked her.

When a fine lady gives a route, and has aſſembled a multitude of perſons, whoſe coaches and

and chairs block up the ſtreet, it is then that ſhe takes an opportunity of viſiting her friends; this ſhe does to ſhew her ſuperiority to vulgar cuſtoms, as low-bred people have the fooliſh notion, that when they have invited company, it is neceſſary to ſtay at home to entertain them. Indeed, as at a polite route there are generally more perſons that can be properly noticed by the lady, it is beſt to ſpeak to none.

AMONG inferior perſons, routes and card-parties are meetings for the benefit of the miſtreſs of the houſe, who, out of the card-money not only repays all her expences, but alſo puts ſomething conſiderable in her pocket. It is inconceivable how low this practice of giving routes deſcends; I have known a lady living up two pair of ſtairs in a lodging, have routes weekly, at which ſhe has had more than thirty people, in a couple of rooms, each about twelve feet ſquare, and one of them ſomewhat incumbred with a bed.

CRIES OF LONDON.

THE variety of cries uttered by the retailers of different articles in the ſtreets of London, make no inconſiderable part of its novelty to ſtrangers and foreigners: an endeavour to gueſs at the goods they deal in, through the medium of language, would be a vain attempt, as few of them convey any articulate ſound; a good ear will be of more uſe than a knowledge of all the languages ſpoken at the confuſion of Babel, as it is by their tune and the time of day the modern cries of London are to be diſcriminated.

SOME trades have, from time immemorial, aſſumed the uſe of inſtrumental aſſiſtance; ſuch as pie, poſt, and duſt men, who ring a bell; the ſow-gelder blows a horn.

MILK is generally notified by the word *mew*, except by one wench whoſe walk was in the environs of Soho-ſquare. Her note was an inarticulate

inarticulate ſcream, ſeemingly uttered as if her poſteriors were then actually piercing by a cobler's awl.

ILLUMINATIONS.

Huzza! liberty, liberty, for ever, huzza! put out your lights, put out your lights, exclaims a mob met to teſtify their approbation of the behaviour of a man who has, perhaps, inſulted the religion, laws, and government of his country. Theſe advocates for liberty think it right to force a poor tradeſman to burn half a dozen pounds of candles, which he cannot afford to purchaſe, and if he has them not in the houſe, nor can procure credit for them, why then, out of their love for the liberty of the ſubject, they inſtantly break him five pounds worth of windows, which probably in the end procure him a lodging in a goal.

BEGGARS.

BEGGARS.

THERE is not a greater reproach to the police of this town, than the number of beggars with which every ſtreet ſwarms. Beſides the regular ſtands, which may, in the military ſenſe, be conſidered as poſts, the ſtreets are patrolled by a variety of irregulars. Many beggars extort charities by practiſing Faquir-like voluntary auſterities and cruelties on themſelves; I have ſeen, during the ſharpeſt froſt, one of theſe wretches lying ſhivering on the ſteps of a houſe, almoſt naked, his fleſh ſeemingly froſt-bitten, and expoſed to the open air; or a woman, with two or three infants hanging about her, apparently dying by the rigour of the ſeaſon. In theſe caſes, ought not the pariſh officers to take notice of ſuch objects, and if really in diſtreſs, to ſuccour them, or if vagrants and impoſtors, to bring them to condign puniſhment; as thoſe very children, thus educated, ſerve to carry on the ſucceſſion of thieves and vagabonds.

IT

It is amazing to obſerve the induſtry of rogues to avoid being honeſt; I have known an ingenious villain beſtow as much time and pains in plating a half-crown, as, if exerted in an honeſt way, would have earned three ſhillings.

Beſides begging, there are various methods of levying contributions on the public; a very common one is for two or three ſturdy fellows, after a froſt, when the ſtreets begin to thaw, to block up the kennel ſo as to cauſe an inundation or overflowing near a croſſing, over which they lay a board, and with brooms in their hands extort a halfpenny each from every paſſenger. Here again the police is to blame; it being the duty of the ſcavengers to keep the ſtreets and croſſings clean and paſſable.

Sweepers of the croſſings in wet weather are another ſpecies of beggars whoſe exiſtence is founded on the non-performance of duty in the ſcavengers, when the ſtreets are very dirty this is paying for ſomething; but theſe ſweepers are generally as importunate when the ways are dry and good as in the moſt dirty and miry ſtate.

The beggars of this metropolis may be divided into cripples, blind men, old men, women, and children, ſweepers, match-girls, ballad-ſingers; and

and in winter, ſham watermen, fiſhermen, and gardeners.

OF cripples there are divers ſorts, ſome ſo from their cradles, ſuch as the man who uſed to crawl upon all-fours; another whoſe lower parts were contained in a kind of porridge-pot.—Theſe people may be ſaid to have very good perſonal eſtates, their miſerable appearances melting the moſt obdurate hearts into charity.

MUTILATED ſoldiers or ſailors, a wooden leg or a ſtump hand, holding out the hat, frequently is more perſuaſive than the moſt melancholy tone of voice.

FORMERLY men who pretended their tongues were cut out by the Algerines, got a pretty good livelihood; but this mode of exciting compaſſion is now out of faſhion.

VAGRANT IMPOSTORS.

LOOK at thoſe wretched fellows dragging along their fiſhing-boat, decked with the inſignia of mourning: the froſt has totally ſhut up the element by which they earned their ſcanty main-

maintenance. Thoſe are undoubtedly proper objects of charity particularly in this maritime country, where the fiſheries ſerve as a nurſery to our fleets, furniſhing them with a number of the hardieſt ſailors. All this is very good, anſwered a bye-ſtander, to one who uttered theſe ſentiments, on ſeeing a parcel of ſturdy vagabonds drawing about a boat hung with mourning, and with a tumultuous cry, demanding and extorting charity from all paſſengers: all this is very fine, continued he, but how do you know thoſe fellows are fiſhermen? In fact the contrary is the caſe, and to-morrow they will be begging as gardeners.

PRAY obſerve that poor woman, with thoſe two helpleſs babes half-naked, ſtarving on the ſteps of that great houſe, is ſhe an object of charity, think you? None at all; in all likelihood one or both of theſe children are hired by the day or week, for the purpoſe of exciting charity—at beſt the beggar is a profeſſional one.

GRAVE-

GRAVE-ROBBERS.

HERE lies, in hopes of a joyful reſurrection, the body of A. B. or C. D.—this we read on every tomb-ſtone, though perhaps not true of one in ten: they are, however, not deprived of the hope expreſſed in their epitaphs, being raiſed, not by the ſound of the laſt trumpet, but by thoſe jackalls to anatomiſts, called Reſurrection Men.

THE numbers of dead bodies hacked to pieces by ſurgeons are ſcarcely credible; but it is ſo great that undertakers generally recommend two or three church-yards as more ſafe than others; indeed ſurgeons are not the only purchaſers of dead bodies: the keepers of muſeums of wild beaſts, are ſuppoſed to conſume many of them, and to ſave the ſurgeons the diſagreeable labour of re-interring the mangled bodies after they have done with them; by this means an Alderman, that was never out of the ſound of Bow Bell, equally runs the riſque of finding his tomb in the

the bowels of tigers, lions, and crocodiles, with a man who indents to ſerve the Eaſt-India or Royal African Companies.

PARISH-JOBBING.

Look up at the inſcription on that venerable building, defaced with plaſter; what does it record? "Beautified by Samuel Smears and Daniel Daub, church-wardens." And ſo theſe honeſt gentlemen call diſguiſing that fine old ſtone building with a thick coat of lime and hair, or whitewaſh, *beautifying* it: what is the hiſtory of all this; why the plain matter of fact is, that every pariſh officer thinks he has a right to make a round bill on the pariſh during his year of power: an apothecary phyſicks the poor; a glazier, firſt in cleaning, breaks the church windows, and afterwards mends them, or at leaſt charges for it; a painter repairs the commandments, puts new coats on Moſes and Aaron, gilds the organ-pipes, and dreſſes the little cherubims about the loft as fine as ver-

milion, Pruſſian blue, and Dutch gold can make them. The late church-wardens were a ſilver-ſmith and a woollen-draper; the ſilver-ſmith new-faſhioned the communion-plate; and the draper new-clothed the pulpit, and put freſh curtains to the windows. All this might be modeſtly done were they not to inſult the good ſenſe of every beholder with their *beautified*; ſhame on them!

COACHES.

LOGICIANS hold, that the minor is included in the major; our legiſlators, in forming the hackney-coach laws, have determined the contrary. The fare of a coach from any of the Inns of Court to Weſtminſter Hall, is one ſhilling, and four barriſters or attorneys, with their bags, may be transferred from Gray's or Thavies Inn, to that place, for three-pence each; but ſhould thoſe worthies attempt to convey their corpora from Gray's-Inn Lane to Great George-ſtreet, Mr. Jehu, the coachman, would levy eighteen-pence on them: the reaſon is, the gentlemen of the long robe, in forming theſe fares, took care to fix ſuch as particularly regarded

regarded themſelves, at a low price; theſe were ſpecified in the body of the act of parliament; all other diſtances are determined by menſuration.

A coachman is liable to puniſhment for not having a check-ſtring; but it was not till long after that regulation, that the law obliged him to take hold of it. A coachman may likewiſe have with impunity broken windows, that admit the wintry blaſt into the neck of an invalid; or a ſtep inſufficient to ſupport the weight of a corpulent man, and liable by breaking, to fracture a leg or a thigh.

If the hackney coaches are thus badly regulated, how much worſe are thoſe travelling the ſhort ſtages, near the metropolis, who are neither by law or intereſt, ſubject to any regulations at all. The coachman, more abſolute than the Grand Turk, thruſts into his coach as much live lumber as it will hold, and at his diſcretion loads the outſide till the centre of gravity riſes ſo high as to make the coach liable to overſet on the ſlighteſt inequality of ground: and thus critically balanced, ſo as to require the utmoſt caution and attention, if that great man chuſes to get almoſt blind drunk, who ſhall prevent him? or if, in conſequence of ſuch drunkenneſs,

he breaks the legs and arms of half a ſcore paſſengers, how is he to be puniſhed, and indeed what recompence will it be to the ſufferers ſuppoſing he was? It would be much better to prevent the accident.

Some years ago, two or three odd fuſty country gentlemen, who abſurdly conceived it improper, that a ſtage-coachman ſhould, without their conſent, riſk the limbs and lives of a ſcore of his majeſty's liege ſubjects at his will and pleaſure, and for his profit, brought a bill into parliament, for reſtraining, in ſome meaſure, the power and avarice of that mighty man of the whip; it was thrown out by a great majority. What ſignifies it, how many of the canaille are crippled? No gentleman rides in a ſtage-coach. Beſides the uſual paſſengers conveyed in theſe vehicles, the coachman ekes out his profits by carrying down in a hamper, the body of ſome executed criminal, for the uſe of young ſurgeons of the village; a felon from Newgate, under the eſcort of a couple of thief-takers, to his trial at Kingſton, Croydon, or ſome of the neighbouring aſſizes; or an inoculated patient, covered with puſtules or ſcabs. It ſignifies nothing to object; from the authority of the coachman there is no appeal.

I have

I have heard of an itinerant ſhowman, who conveyed a ſick tiger cat as an inſide paſſenger, in the ſtage-coach, from Conway to Holyhead; but this was done with the conſent of the paſſengers, fraudulently obtained for the ſaid tiger cat, under the denomination of Miſs Jenny. I ſhall not inſiſt on it as an inſtance againſt the driver.

In long ſtages, the tyranny of the coachman ſhews itſelf in different inſtances. Firſt, in ſetting off, if a paſſenger, who has paid earneſt, is not at the inn preciſely to the moment, Mr. Coachman frequently takes it into his head to drive off and leave him behind; but if an outſide paſſenger, a ſervant of the inn, or any ſuch important or privileged perſon, chuſes to finiſh his pot or quartern at his leiſure, the company are detained half an hour, or more, till it ſuits him to ſet off; or perhaps if Mr. Coachman, having over-ſlept himſelf in the arms of Betty the chambermaid, is not ready to mount till half an hour after his time, it is all very well; any repreſentations, tending to haſten him, are heard with the utmoſt contempt.

At dinner time, which is generally choſen as ſoon after, and as near the place of breakfaſting as poſſible, no ſooner are the paſſengers

ſet down to their twice-roaſted leg of mutton, but the coachman attends to inform them he is ready, and in a few minutes repeats his ſummons in a peremptory tone. Notwithſtanding this apparent haſte, he will ſtop for an hour at any of his cuſtomary houſes of call till he has ſmoked a pipe or two, and retailed all the ſcandal of the neighbouring inns. On changing coachmen, although the bills ſay nothing is to be demanded by them, yet if you do not regularly ſee them every time, you will be groſsly abuſed, without a chance of redreſs.

CHURCH-YARDS.

FORMERLY few perſons choſe to be buried on the north ſide of a church; the original reaſon was this: in the times when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, it was cuſtomary, on ſeeing the tomb-ſtone or grave of a friend or acquaintance, to put up a prayer for their ſoul, which was held to be very efficacious. As the common entrance into moſt churches was either at the weſt end, or on the ſouth ſide of the church, perſons buried on the north ſide eſcaped

eſcaped the notice of their friends, and thereby loſt the benefit of their prayers. This becoming a kind of refuſe ſpot, only very poor, or perſons guilty of ſome offence, were buried there: perſons who, actuated by lunacy, had deſtroyed themſelves, were buried on this ſide, and ſometimes out of the eaſt and weſt direction of the other graves. This is ſaid to be alluded to in Hamlet, where he bids the grave-digger cut Ophelia's grave ſtraight. The ſame was obſerved with reſpect to perſons who were executed.

Observe the yew tree, in many church-yards they are of a prodigious ſize. Some have ſuppoſed that yew trees were planted in church-yards in order to ſupply the pariſh with bow-ſtaves, but more probably it was from the yew being an evergreen, and conveying an alluſion to the immortality of the ſoul, and therefore conſidered as a funeral plant. This reaſon is likewiſe given for the uſe of roſemary and rue; but probably theſe were carried to prevent any infection from the open grave on a near approach to the coffin.

In many church-yards there were anciently curious croſſes, finely carved; the baſes or fuſts of many are ſtill remaining.

The entrance into many church-yards has a covering, or kind of ſmall roof; here the miniſter waits to receive a corpſe: ſuch a one is to be ſeen at Bexley and Erith, &c.

See the eaſt end of the chancel, whether round or otherwiſe: round chancels are in general marks of great antiquity.

Look over the great weſt door; on each ſide of it are often the arms of the founder: the dates of repairs by church-wardens are frequently inſcribed on ſtones near this and the ſouth door.

RIDING DOUBLE.

There is no ſpecies of horſemanſhip that has bettered the fortunes of ſo many poor men, as that of riding before a lady on a *double horſe*; it gives a man an opportunity of ſhewing at once the two qualities moſt admired by the ladies, vigour and tenderneſs. For this purpoſe, the more ſtiff and erect he rides, the better, as it will give the lady the better idea of her ſafety. The vulgar appendage of a leather belt is unneceſſary, and reflects no honour on the lady's ſkill:

ſkill: in caſe of danger, there will be more ſafety in holding faſt by his waiſt or the pommel of the ſaddle, particularly as ladies are moſt apt to fall backwards. If the lady rides for any diſorder, frequent queſtions as to her health, and how ſhe likes the pace they are going, will afford a youth of any genius an opportunity of diſplaying his tenderneſs and politeneſs. By an attention to this art, Mr. Patrick O'Whack, a native of Ireland, obtained his miſtreſs, the widow Lackman, of Lawrence-Pounteney-Hill; who, through too ſevere grief for the loſs of her huſband, apprehended a decline! ſhe was recommended to ride on horſeback, but not having been uſed to ride ſingle, was mounted behind Mr. Patrick; the lady being fearful required a man ſtiff in the ſaddle, as ſudden jerks and ſtarts would have diſmounted one not ſo well qualified.

ANOTHER lady, Miſs Catharine Stote, aged about twenty-nine, afflicted with a violent chloroſis or green ſickneſs, being adviſed to ride behind a man, on a hard trotting horſe, choſe a young fellow who had been a trooper in the Carabineers; who, by his excellent riding, and great attention, ſo prevailed on her affections,

that one morning, inſtead of their uſual ride from Richmond to Brentford, they took the road to Gretna-Green, where the blackſmith linked them together.

WHITE-HALL ECLOGUE *.

NEAR that great edifice, the Horſe-guards call'd,
Whoſe diſproportion'd parts wage cruel war
With every rule of taſte and architecture;
Where, coop'd within the overſhadowing niche,
In all the foppery of fierce parade,

* This laughable parody on the Eclogues of Theocritus, Virgil, Pope, and other paſtoral poets, appears to have been written before the reformation of the horſe-guards. This corps was then upon a very different footing; moſt of the privates purchaſed their ſituations, which though not very lucrative, partook very much of the nature of a ſinecure.—They had no duty but guard-mounting once a fortnight, and this they were at liberty to perform by deputy. In general they were connected with some kind of buſineſs, and ſeveral kept little ſhops in Weſtminſter: hence their diſcipline was extremely defective, and they were not a little obnoxious to ridicule.

With

With well-ſtuff'd paunches, and with well-
black'd boots,
Leaving their ſhops, their bars, and warehouſes,
Fearleſs of gout and cold, the brave life-guards
Brandiſh their ſwords, guiltleſs of human gore:
What time the female tonſors had mow'd down,
With buſy fingers, all the briſtly beards
Of the coal-heaving * youths, ready to mount,
And with well-powder'd chalk, whitened their
heads,
Like froſted plum-cake, glory of Twelfth-day;
When frying ſauſages, with ſavoury ſteams,
Began to tantalize th' olfactory nerves
Of pennyleſs ſoldiers, and the choice diſplay
Of apples, nuts, and gingerbread, had drawn
Water in all the paſſing ſchool-boys chops.
By chance, two ſoldier youths, one Bluſter
nam'd,
A front-rank grenadier, the other Scamper
Of the light infantry †; together met——

* *Coal-heaving youths.*——The ſoldiers of the foot-guards, many of whom, when off duty, follow that laborious employment.

† This is an inſtance of the *licentia poetica*, aſſumed for the ſake of contraſt. From the whole tenor of this burleſque paſtoral, the two leading perſons are ſuppoſed to be ſoldiers in the foot-guards: yet the guards have no light companies.

When

When ſhaking hands, and in a friendly guiſe,
Blaſting each other's eyes, they thus begun:
B. What bundle's that you in your boſom hide,
Is it ſome prog that you have made to-day?
S. They're duds, which to the pop-ſhop I am carrying,
My ſhirt and ſhoes, that I may raiſe the wind,
And treat my Peg at Aſtley's, or at Hughes's.
B. Should you be caught, you know the conſequence——
That the ſpread eagle * is your certain lot:
Your Peg is ſure not worth ſo great a riſk.
S. Speak not with ſuch contempt of lovely Peg;
Our regiment has not ſo fine a blowen †;
Nor all the ſeven battalions ſuch a mot ‡.
B. I'll lay a pot that I can ſhew a better—
Fair ſhe may be, but not compar'd to Nan;

* *Spread eagle.*——This is a cant term among ſoldiers, and is meant to deſcribe the ſituation of a man who is tied up to the halberts, to receive the puniſhment inflicted with a cat of nine tails.

† *Blowen.*——The explanation of this term in GROSE's *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* is, the miſtreſs of a gentleman of the ſcamp, or of a highwayman, or footpad: here it may be underſtood, either by metonymy, or literally, as the reader chuſes.

‡ *Mot*, or mort, is in the ſame dictionary explained, a girl or wench.

Whoſe

Whoſe qualities exceed deſcription's power!
And for their perſons, they in the ſame day
Ought not, in common juſtice, to be nam'd!
S. Done, I ſhould ſay, altho' it was a gallon,
That Peg's a better and a fairer piece *.
B. As well might center with the front rank vie,
Or the battalion with the grenadiers——
But yonder's Bruſh, the drum—let him be judge,
Alternate we'll relate our doxies charms,
And in addition to the bet we've laid,
A gill of lightning † ſhall reward the victor.
S. Peg, as a halbert ſtiff, is ſtraight and tall,
Her hair, black as my pouch, when freſh japan'd;
Her pouting lips, red as an enſign's ſaſh,
When mounting his firſt guard—her ſkin as white

* *Piece.*—This expreſſion might rather have come from the mouth of one of their officers, with whom it is not uncommon: it is pretty generally underſtood, though certainly not in the ſenſe in which the lady of the late General G—ge conceived it—who, when complimented in a large company at Boſton, of which town ſhe was a native, on her beauty, declined the compliment, by ſaying, that ſhe did not like flattery——being conſcious that ſhe was far from handſome, and nothing beyond what the gentlemen of the regiment called *a good piece.*

† *Lightning.*—Engliſh gin; ſo called from its fiery quality.

As ſhirt, when waſh'd, or gaiter dreſs'd for duty:
And then ſo faithful to the company,
That not a whole week's pay would, ſober, tempt her
To ſacrifice her virtue to another.
If drunk ſhe ſometimes errs, 'tis on the liquor,
And not on her, that we ſhould fix the blame.

B. Short, round, and fubſey, is my gentle Nan,
Her kindneſs univerſal to the corps;
She never lets a ſoldier ſue in vain;
What nature gave, freely will ſhe diſpenſe;
And on a march, from none doth ſhe withhold
Her ever-ready bottle; but on credit
Diſpoſes of her gin thro' all the ranks.

S. Laſt month, when I was at the halberts flogg'd,
Straight to the guard-houſe came my pretty Peg,
A full canteen of royal gin ſhe brought;
Part bath'd my back, and part rejoic'd my heart:
Tearing her ſmock, with it ſhe ſtaunch'd my wounds!
That ſmock that heal'd my back, inflam'd my heart!

B. When laſt our neceſſaries were review'd,
A ſhirt and hoſe I'd at my uncle's * lodg'd.

* *My uncle's.*—The pawnbroker's.

The

The guard-houſe, and the cat of nine tales then
Seem'd unavoidable; but generous Nan
From off a neighb'ring hedge ſupply'd my want!
Poor girl! ſhe got in trouble by the act—
But ſmacking calf-ſkin* to an alibi,
I ſerv'd her in her turn, and brought her off.

S. If ever I Peg's kindneſs do forget,
May I be doom'd to an eternal drill;
And when unto the halberts I am brought,
May I be flogg'd by a left-hand drum,

B. When I leave Nan in the vile Harman's† hands,
Or e'er her love forget, may ev'ry day
Prove a review; or when the galling cat
Harrows my bloody back, then may I want
The comfort of a bullet for to chew.

S. In ſummer Peg a wheelbarrow does drive,
And currants, plumbs, and cherries, cries for ſale;
Herſelf more ſweet and luſcious than her fruit.
In winter on the quay at Billinſgate
She oyſters buys; and Petty France reſounds
With her ſweet notes, as ſhe retails them out.

* *Smacking calf-ſkin.*—Kiſsing the prayer-book in taking an oath.

† *Harman.*——The cant term for conſtable.

B. Not

B. Not ſo my Nan: by muſick ſhe ſubſiſts;
Of Johnny Wilkes, and other patriots,
Chanting the praiſe in piercing naſal notes.
Barb'rous and bloody murders too ſhe cries,
With dying ſpeeches, birth and parentage,
Of thoſe advent'rous youths, who make their exit
At fair of Paddington, or fall o'the leaf,
Dancing on nothing at the Sheriff's ball.*

Drum. Halt, both:—to neither can I judge the prize;
Equal your ſtrains.—And now to the parade
I ſtraight muſt go, rous'd by the drummer's call.

* *Sheriff's ball.*—An execution.—To dance at the ſheriff's ball, and loll one's tongue out at the company—to be hanged.

Parody on the Indian Death Song.

THE capons are good, and the gooſe has his day,
Yet the hog from them both bears our praiſes away;
Begin then to reckon how much we may gain,
If to twenty-five ſtone our pig ſhould attain.

Remember the price that he coſt at the fair,
Remember the peaſe that were bought for him there;
But ſince theſe have not been beſtowed in vain,
A lover of bacon ſhould ſcorn to complain.

Remember the acorns he eat on each day,
And the waſh from our dairy, by John fetch'd away;
See the coſt riſes faſt—now let's think of the gain.
For at fourpence a pound there's no room to complain.

He

He goes to the ſhop where his father is gone,
Whoſe weight by five ſcore did not equal his ſon;
Of his puddings and chit'lings at market the gain
Will leave to his owner no cauſe to complain.

He's ſold to the factor, who purchas'd his ſire,
And more of the breed does at all times deſire;
He deals like a chapman, nor envies our gain,
And leaves us no room to grudge or complain.

EPIGRAMS.

Written by a gentleman attending at the Secretary of State's office.

IN ſore affliction, tried by God's commands.
Of patience Job the great example ſtands:
But in theſe days, a trial more ſevere
Had been Job's lot, if God had ſent him here.

On a Scotch Preſbyterian.

AN old Scotch Preſbyterian, ſour and ſly,
The Lord *preſerve* me always us'd to cry!
To whom a buxom wench did jeering ſay,
Preſerving you, were ſugar thrown away:
Preſerves are ever made of ſweeteſt fruits;
With your ſour nature vinegar beſt ſuits:
Alter therefore your prayer, and from this day,
Good Lord, pray pickle me, in future ſay.

On the drummers of the Weſtminſter militia beating a long time before their Colonel's quarters.

MY lads, your Colonel I fear
Will near be waked by drumming,
Ring the bar bell,* he'll ſtraight appear,
With coming, gemmen, coming!

* He formerly kept a tavern.

On

On a violent diſpute between two muſicians.

SWEET Tweeledum, dear Tweedledee,
Ye ſons of cat-gut, pray agree;
Strange 'twixt two fidlers there ſhould be
So great a want of harmony.

ROBERT complained much one day
That Frank had ta'en his character away:
I take your character, ſays Frank, G-d z—s,
I would not have it for ten thouſand pounds!

Advice to a Lady.

FOR venery too old—leave off that ſin;
Speak truth, and put ſome water in your gin.

On Mr. George Gipps, late an apothecary at Canterbury, and Mr. Taylor, paper-maker of Maidſtone, being returned members of Parliament.

WHEN the freemen of Canterbury made
George Gipps their choice,
Thoſe at Maidſtone as free gave Squire Taylor
their voice;
And each voter avowed he took this reſolution,
As the beſt way to ſave England's ſick conſti-
tution;
For Gipps might purge her from all ills that
betide,
And Taylor find paper to wipe her b-ck--de.

ON A PARSON:

FROM

LILLY's GRAMMAR.

Bifrons, cuſtos—Bos, fur, ſus, atque ſacerdos.

BIFRONS—not living as he preaches,
Cuſtos—of all that in his reach is;
Bos—when among his neighbours' wives,
Fur—while he's gathering of his tythes;
Sus—ſitting at a pariſh feaſt,
Sacerdos—laſt, a finiſhed prieſt.

On ſeeing an officer fantaſtically dreſſed.

'Tis ſaid that our ſoldiers ſo lazy are grown,
With luxury, plenty, and eaſe,
That they more for their carriage than courage are known,
And ſcarce know the uſe of a *piece*.

Let them ſay what they will, ſince it nobody galls,
And exclaim out ſtill louder and louder,
But there n'er was more money expended in balls,
Or a greater conſumption of powder.

On a Lady who ſquinted.

IF ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boaſted of an hundred eyes,
Sure greater praiſe to her is due,
Who looks an hundred ways with two.

On Mrs. Fury.

To look like an angel the ladies believe,
Is the greateſt of bleſſings that heaven can give,
But faith, they're miſtaken; for nymphs, I aſſure, you,
Its a far greater bleſſing to look like a Fury.

EPIGRAMME.

DAMON n'aime que lui; je ny vois aucun mal;
Pouvoit il mieux choiſir, pour etre ſans rival?

Tranſlation.

DAMON loves but himſelf, no great harm in my mind,
No choice could be better, for no rival he'll find

Another verſion.

To Damon's ſelf his love's confin'd, no harm therein I ſee;
This happineſs attends his choice, unrivall'd he will be.

EPI-

EPIGRAMME.

CHLORIS eſt avare, Chloris aime l'argent;
Elle achete ſon teint, la reſte elle le vend.

Tranſlation.

SALL is ſtingy, and loves to hoard money full well;
Her complexion ſhe buys, all the reſt ſhe will ſell.

On a friend of the author's, and a brother antiquary, who went from the army into the church.

AN antiquarian born, a ſoldier bred,
I dam'd the living, and dug up the dead:
Japann'd, I now my former ſteps re-tread;
I bleſs the living, and inter the dead.

*The following verſes are the work of an ancient Spaniſh poet.**

ERES puta tan artera,
Qu'en el ventre de tu madre,
Tu cumiſtes de manera,
Que te cavalgne el padre.

Degrees of Swearing.

IN elder time, an ancient cuſtom was,
In mighty matters to ſwear by the maſs;
But when the maſs was down, as old men note,
Then ſwore they by the croſs of the grey groate;
And when the croſs was likewiſe held in ſcorn,
Then faith and troth were all the oaths were ſworn:
But when they had out-wore all faith and troth,
Then as God d-mme was the common oath,

* See Nell Gwyn, by Rocheſter.

So

So cuſtom kept decorum by gradation,
Maſs, croſs, faith, troth, out-ſworn—then came
damnation!

*On the fair ſex.**

WOMEN are dainty veſſels,
Yet tender, weak, and ſoft:
They muſt ſometimes be borne withal,
Since they do bear ſo oft.

* This, like ſeveral others in the preſent collection, is an old epigram. From the quaintneſs of the expreſſion we ſhould date it as far back as the ſixteenth century, or the beginning of the ſeventeenth; when from ſovereign authority a play on words was received as genuine wit.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

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*On the advertiſements in the public newſpapers.**

ALTHOUGH the great increaſe of knowlege in this kingdom is in general known, yet few who live remote from the capital are able

* The author had, among his various collections, preſerved all the curious advertiſements that fell into his hands, for a ſeries of years, particularly thoſe of empyrics and other impoſtors, who, through the venality of the preſs, and in many inſtances to the reproach of our police, prey upon the public, and draw large contributions from ignorant or deluded individuals. When he had got together a ſufficient number, Mr. Hooper publiſhed them in the form of a pamphlet, to which this article was the preface. The pamphlet was

able to form an adequate idea of the vaſt improvements made within this century, not only in the more abſtruſe ſciences, but alſo in the arts and conveniencies of life; for the truth of which aſſertion, I appeal to the numerous advertiſements in our daily papers, and other public notices, wherein thoſe diſcoveries not only ſtand uncontroverted by the police, but alſo in many inſtances confirmed, and in a manner atteſted, by letters patent; circumſtances that could not happen in a well-governed city, if not founded on truth, particularly as many of the medical improvements may materially affect the healths, and even the lives, of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects; added to which the ſceptical diſpoſition of the preſent race, ſo much complained of by divines, would not long ſuffer ſuch pretenſions, if falſe, to remain undetected. Juſtice here makes it neceſſary to obſerve and commend the ſpirit of philanthropy

was entitled *A Guide to Health, Beauty, Riches, and Honour.* As it is now out of print, and is not to be re-publiſhed, the editor thinks that the preface, for the pleaſantry with which it is written, no leſs than for the juſtneſs and good tendency of the ſatire, is worth being preſerved; and that it will form no unintereſting part of this medley.

reigning among the ſeveral ingenious profeſſors of the different arts, ſciences, and callings, who, like Mr. Aſhley, the punch-maker, on Ludgate Hill, and that ſecond Taliacotius Mr. Patence, ſurgeon by birth, dentiſt, and dancing-maſter, do not conſult their own emolument, but labour ſolely *pro bono publico:* in ſhort, we ſeem to be the wiſeſt, wealthieſt, and may, if we pleaſe, be the happieſt people under the ſun, as we are the moſt generous and diſintereſted. But leſt foreigners ſhould doubt the truth of theſe aſſertions, and deem them the vain boaſtings of a man endeavouring to raiſe the honour of his native country, I have, in evidence of my poſition, ſelected a few advertiſements from the many daily offered to the public, containing invitations to Health, Beauty, Vigour, Wives, Places, Penſions, and Honours, all which may be had for money; and what leaves nothing to be wiſhed for in this glorious country, is the candid and generous offers of that very neceſſary article ſo repeatedly made in every part of this metropolis. Some gentlemen, indeed, confine their offers to perſons of faſhion, or ladies and gentlemen only; but much the greater part of theſe beneficent beings, like the ſun and rain,

are

are diſpoſed to diſpenſe their bleſſings indiſcriminately on all. But ſhould a miſtaken pride or any other reaſon prevent the acceptance of theſe kind and diſintereſted offers, Mr. Moleſworth and other gentlemen deeply ſkilled in the ſcience of calculations, the myſteries of the Calaba, or poſſeſſed of ſome other profitable ſecret, with a like philanthropic ſpirit, are ready to direct you to the choice of the moſt fortunate numbers in the lottery, or ſuch other methods of applying your money as will enſure your acquiring a capital fortune without riſk, in a very ſhort time: all which they might doubtleſs have ſecured to themſelves, were they not actuated by that love for mankind, and contempt of lucre, always diſtinguiſhing true philoſophy. Indeed the ſelf-denial of one of theſe gentlemen is rarely to be paralleled, as at the very inſtant he, with the moſt unbounded generoſity, offers thouſands to perſons unknown, himſelf labours under the frowns of fortune, as he acknowledges by his letter from the King's Bench.

Does a young lady ſhew ſigns of an ungraceful ſhape, Mr. Parſons, by his well-turn'd ſtays, prevents that misfortune;—and has it already taken place, the ſame artiſt will completely hide

it. Irregular or decayed teeth give place to thoſe of Mr. Patence with ſix different enamels; and that wonderful operator replaces fallen noſes, uvulas, broken jaw-bones, and, in a word, cures all the diſorders to which the human frame is liable, as he offers clearly to prove by occult demonſtration; being, to uſe his own words *mechanically accurated and anatomically perfected in the human ſtructure.* Perſons ſuffering under the racking paroxyſms of the gout, ſo as to be unable to move, are radically cured of that terrible diſorder by the month, the year, or for life, without medicine, by muſcular motion only; or by another ſecret, which the generous poſſeſſor offers to communicate to the public for the trifling ſum of twenty thouſand pounds: and all the diſorders contained in the catalogue of human miſery yield to the wonderful baths of Dr. Dominicetti, whence, like Eaſon from the kettle of Medea, the patient ſprings out totally renovated. But, as Dr. Shee well obſerves, prevention is certainly even better than a cure. Mrs. Phillips modeſtly ſteps in with the offer of her wares, prepared with the reſult of thirty-five years experience. This public-ſpirited matron informs us, that after

ten

ten years retirement from buſineſs, ſhe has reſumed it again, from repreſentations, that ſince her receſs, goods comparable to what ſhe uſed to vend cannot be procured. Another lady, of the ſame profeſſion, Mrs. Perkins, attempts to deny the authenticity of this account, and with a proper diſapprobation of obſcene publications, declares herſelf the true ſucceſſor of the late Mrs. Phillips.

UNDER the article of temporary retirements for ladies, many aſylums are offered, with aſſurances of kind entertainment, honour, and ſecrecy, that do credit to the feelings of the age; and one medical gentleman not only offers his obſtetric aſſiſtance, but alſo undertakes to obliterate every veſtige of pregnancy, or in the ſafeſt manner to remove the cauſes of ſterility in any lady who wiſhes to become pregnant. An ingenious gentleman, Mr. Diderot, probably, from his name and language, a foreigner, even carries his diſcoveries of this nature ſtill further, and undertakes to enſure to the ladies of this country, like the Houri of Mahomet, a perpetual ſucceſſion of virginity. Perhaps the republication of theſe laſt notices may be by ſome people deemed reprehenſible. To them it may be anſwered, that as they are ſolely introduced

in

in order to illuſtrate the ſtate of our natural improvements, it cannot in juſtice be eſteemed indecent. Indeed, where public information is concerned, even more indecent publications have been ſuppoſed juſtifiable; an inſtance of which appeared in that of Lady Groſvenor's trial, publiſhed under the ſanction of the Civilians of Doctors Commons.

HERE too, notwithſtanding the croakings of gloomy miſanthropes, there appears no want of candidates for the holy ſtate of matrimony, who, devoid, as they themſelves teſtify, of either pecuniary or fleſhly motives, ſeek only ſuitable helpmates for the purpoſes of domeſtic happineſs and œconomy; and the many proffered retreats for youth and beauty in the houſes of bachelors and widowers, ſhew that want of charity is not the vice of the preſent generation; and that propenſity to friendſhip, which is inferred from the advertiſements for a real friend, does the higheſt honour to the benevolence and amicable diſpoſition of our countrymen.

ALTHOUGH the extraordinary diſcovery made by Mr. Latteſe, the Piedmonteſe gentleman, cannot with propriety be included among our national improvements, yet his chuſing this country to offer its application ſeems a flattering pre-

preference, and clearly indicates, that among our neighbours incredulity is not imputed to us. It will be extremely blameable to paſs over uncommended that laudable, though unſucceſsful attempt made by a ſet of worthy gentlemen to eſtabliſh a temple ſacred to both Hymen and Plutus, or, in other words, the Marriage Office in Dover Street, where negociation of money was alſo to be tranſacted, and this at the moderate price of five guineas, to be depoſited on application, and which ſum was afterwards lowered to two guineas.

THE flouriſhing ſtate of philological learning muſt rejoice every lover of his country. This may be diſcovered in the ſtiles of moſt of the advertiſements, but is peculiarly inſtanced in that elegant hand-bill by Giles Hudſon, Eſq. the Hackney card, and the proclamation of the Mayor of Maidſtone.

FOR polite accompliſhments there are great hopes we ſhall rival our neighbours of France, particularly under the tuition of Mr. Vandam, that univerſal genius Mr. Patence, and that elegant young dancer Mr. Peter Lepye, whoſe ſuperior talents receive an additional luſtre from the modeſty with which they are announced.

THE

THE univerſal ſtudy of the mathematics is ſtrongly marked by Mr. Nunn's advertiſement, who makes breeches by geometrical rules, and has diſcovered a problem whereby he is enabled to cut them out with an accuracy before unknown. This, as the parts to be fitted are circumſcribed by curve lines of different natures, ſhews his inveſtigations muſt depend on the more ſublime parts of geometry. Mr. Webb's challenge to foreigners on the art of ladies' ſhoe-making, as well as the teſtimony brought in the hand-bill, breathe the ſpirit of a true-born Engliſhman, and a worthy brother of the gentle craft.

THE grand ſcale on which buſineſs is carried on by our profeſſors and artiſts in different walks, reflects an importance and dignity on the nation, as well as points out the enlarged ideas of thoſe gentlemen. Thus, Mr. Perfect, of Town Malling, does not, like former keepers of madhouſes, take in lunatics; his more comprehenſive manſion lodges and boards Lunacy itſelf. Mr. Pinchbeck, painter in general, executes all the branches of his buſineſs, from a hovel to a palace, and from a whiſkey to a ſtate-coach; and the ingenious Mr. John Callway, the

the chimney-ſweeper, does not, like his brethren, put out the fire in chimneys but, acting on a larger ſcale, extinguiſhes the chimneys.

THAT the occult ſcience called white magic, and the ſtudy of aſtrology, flouriſhes among us, is evident from the hand-bills of Mrs. Corbyn from Germany, who anſwers all lawful queſtions; Mrs. Edwards, who dedicates her knowledge to the ladies; Mr. William Jones's nephew, the ſecond, laſt, and only ſurvivor of his family; the perſon who diſcovers whether affections are ſincere; and that gifted ſage of St. Martin's-lane, who cures the tooth-ach by a ſweet ſcented letter. Even our nuiſances are metamophoſed into gratifications by the ſuperior ſkill of our mechanicks; as is ſhewn in Mr. Proſſer's improvements on water-cloſets, where their natural offenſiveneſs is not only ſubjected, but they are tranſpoſed to the agreeable ſide of the equation, and the queſtion is converted from which is the leaſt offenſive, to that of which is the ſweeteſt.

NOR are there wanting able inſtructors and guides to every ſpecies of buſineſs. Thus all matters reſpecting the purchaſe and ſale of livings and other eccleſiaſtical preferments, are tranſ-

tranſacted in the moſt liberal manner, and with the ſtricteſt integrity, by a beneficed clergyman in the univerſity of Cambridge, at his chambers in the Temple. And ſhould your ambition incite you to figure in the ſtate, or your neceſſities impel you to the finances, the gentleman up one pair of ſtairs, at No. 15, in the King's-bench Walks, generouſly offers to point out the doubtful road.

THE ſcience of adorning and beautifying the human form ſeems to be ſyſtematically cultivated by many artiſts of all denominations, as is evident from the inſtitutions of academies for hair dreſſing; and among the gentlemen of the comb and razor; it would be wrong to paſs over the two men who have the neateſt barber's ſhops in London, the modeſty of whoſe prices demands the acknowledgement of the public. The profeſſors of the coſmetic art offer innumerable paſtes, waſhes, pomades and perfumes, by which the ravages of time are prevented or counteracted. Even our public ſpectacles beſpeak a degree of improvement hitherto unknown: witneſs that wonderful wonder of all wonders, the brave ſoldier and learned Doctor Katterfelto, whoſe courage and learning are only equalled

equalled by his honeſty and love for this country; the firſt evinced in his returning the 2000l. to Capt. Paterſon; and the ſecond, in remaining here, though unpenſioned, notwithſtanding the many offers from the Queen of France, the requeſt of his friend and correſpondent Dr. Franklin, and the poſitive commands of the King of Pruſſia.

Mr. Van Butchell figures in the double capacity of a ſkilful operator on the teeth, and a laudable inſtance of conjugal affection; his delicacy in not expoſing the remains of his embalmed wife to every perſon indiſcriminately, ſeems worth commendation.

HIGHLY eminent in the claſs of public exhibitors ſtands the learned Dr. Graham, whoſe philoſophic reſearches and lectures, at the ſame time they tend to prove our future progeny, and to make this kingdom the region of health and beauty, ſerve alſo to deſtroy that *mauvaiſe, honte,* or timid baſhfulneſs, ſo peculiar to the Engliſh ladies; for which he at leaſt deſerves the warmeſt acknowledgments from all parents and huſbands.

MR. Powell, the fire-eater, is undoubtedly, as his motto obſerves, a ſingular genius. Nor are the

the performances of Meſſrs. Aſtley and Hughes leſs remarkable, though I am ſorry to be under the neceſſity of making an objection to part of their exhibitions as being liable to increaſe that ſpirit of expence and luxury too prevalent among us. The article I allude to is, that of ſhewing that one perſon may ride on ſeveral horſes at the ſame time; a practice that may poſſibly become faſhionable among the vain and extravagant; whereas, had they introduced ſome method by which one horſe would be enabled to carry a greater number of perſons than uſual, their diſcovery would have been truly commendable. By the diligence of our keepers of itinerant menageries, we are indulged with the ſight of the learned dog, the wonderful bird, and the ſurpriſing unicorn, with divers others too numerous to mention.

The Bottle-conjuror appears to have been an impoſtor, and what he promiſed to perform ſeems to have been poſſible alone to thoſe choir-ſingers who can officiate at two places at the ſame time.

Candour has obliged me to inſert ſome articles which do not tend to the honour of the parties concerned, or that of the country wherein they are ſuffered; ſuch as thoſe relative

to

to the ſale of ſeats in Parliament, and guardians offering to diſpoſe of their wards. For the firſt, it is no new matter, having been the uſage time out of mind: and for the other, the ſelfiſhneſs of the propoſal ſerves like ſhade in a picture, or diſcord in muſic, to form a contraſt, and ſet off the diſintereſted offers of other advertiſers.

It may perhaps be objected, that ſome of the advertiſements here quoted are of long ſtanding, and the writers dead; to which I ſhall borrow the anſwer of the ingenious Mr. Major in the caſe of his ſnuff, namely, that if the artiſts are dead, their arts and diſcoveries are not, but probably handed down with improvements.

In fine, kind reader, from theſe premiſes my aſſertion ſeems incontrovertibly demonſtrated, namely, that if we are not healthy, beautiful, rich, and wiſe, we have only our own incredulity or negligence to blame for it, ſince the means of theſe bleſſings are daily offered to us, with many other advantages ſet forth at length in the following collection, which, it is hoped, will make us ſet a proper value on our native country, and inſpire foreigners with a due reverence for Old England.

On the comparative ſtate of the DEAF *and* BLIND.

IT is a general obſervation, that deaf men appear more unhappy and melancholy than thoſe afflicted with blindneſs; whence it is inferred that deafneſs is the greater evil.

BUT it ſhould be conſidered, that this concluſion is drawn from the different appearances made by theſe perſons when in company; where the blind man ſcarcely feels his deficiency, by which his hearing and attention is often benefited, whereas the deaf man being totally cut off by his diſorder from all vocal intercourſe, is by company reminded of his misfortune.

To judge fairly, one ought to contemplate the deaf man when alone in his ſtudy, and compare his enjoyments with thoſe of the blind man in company; or compare the ſufferings of the deaf man in company, with thoſe of the blind man when alone. Perhaps blindneſs may be moſt tolerable to an illiterate man, and deafneſs to a learned one.

On

On the CRIMINAL LAWS *of England.*

THE ſanguinary diſpoſition of our laws is a matter generally and with reaſon complained of. This, beſides being a national reproach, is, ſtrange as it may appear, an encouragement inſtead of a terror to delinquents.

IT is a well-known obſervation, that when the puniſhment of any crime is more ſevere than an offence deſerves, the law is rarely put in execution; whereby the infringers of it eſcape with impunity, and the ſtatute, inſtead of ſerving to deter, actually tends to perſuade young adventurers to tranſgreſs, from the idea that the rigor of the law will not be inflicted on them.

THUS, privately ſtealing from the dwelling-houſe of any perſon being a capital felony, I have known a jury guilty of the greateſt abſurdity imaginable, to mitigate the puniſhment, when the offence was too clearly proved to juſtify an acquittal.

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In the caſe here alluded to, a man ſwore that going to bed in his own houſe he wound up his watch, and put it into his breeches pocket, and then put his breeches under his pillow and went to ſleep. During the night, a thief having got privately into the houſe, ſtole this man's watch, and was detected in pawning it. The jury found the thief, a very young lad, guilty of ſtealing, but not in the dwelling-houſe. To make common ſenſe of this verdict, the breeches muſt have conveyed themſelves out of the houſe in order to be robbed, and then taken themſelves back to their former ſtation under the pillow, where the owner ſwore he found them. Beſides the abſurdity of this verdict, it contains a duplicity and evaſion that diſgraces a court, and effectually perjures the jury, as every one there muſt be ſenſible that his verdict was not according to the evidence: if the puniſhment is too ſevere, it would be much better to alter the law.

The undervaluing of goods, in order to bring them within a particular ſum, is another mode of mitigating certain ſtatutes; but let any man ſeriouſly examine how far this is reconcileable to common ſenſe. I am aware that the conſciences of perſons in buſineſs are but too ſupple

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and well exerciſed in the article of falſe valuation, to boggle much in this inſtance; with this difference, that they in general are apt to overvalue the commodities they deal in: but how ſome of the more conſcientious can juſtify doing this on oath, I cannot conceive.

Let us conſider the effect this muſt have on the common people who appear as evidences in the court; if they ſee the jury quibbling, nay, even diſpenſing with their oath to find a verdict contrary to evidence, or determining that perhaps ten pounds worth of goods are only of ten ſhillings value, and that unoppoſed by the judge, who ſits there to prevent manifeſt irregularities, will not they find themſelves equally juſtified in delivering falſe evidence, particularly where it is to ſoften the rigour of what they may deem a hard law.

For the honour and welfare of the country let there be a reviſal of the penal laws, where let the puniſhment be ſo proportioned to the offences, that they may be fully and certainly put in force.

The number of public executions in England are with great juſtice conſidered by foreigners as a national reproach. But this does not ariſe from any cruelty in our courts of judicature;

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as it is moſt certain, that ſuch is the mercifulneſs of our judges and jurors, that unleſs the guilt of a culprit is as manifeſt as the ſun at noon day, he will not be found guilty; and when the number ſentenced is compared with thoſe ordered for execution, the clemency of his Majeſty ſtands ſufficiently manifeſt.

A principal cauſe of this frequency of executions we ſhall find in the diſproportionate puniſhment allotted by our criminal code; death being alike the puniſhment of a robbery, committed by a half-famiſhed wretch, who, to relieve the diſtreſſes of a ſtarving family, robs a miſer of a ſingle ſhilling, and of the bloody ruffian, who from wanton cruelty, kills or maims the unreſiſting paſſenger.

In vain may the legiſlature endeavour to deter offenders by adding freſh circumſtances of terror to the ordinary puniſhments; theſe, if they operate at firſt, will, from uſage, ſhortly become familiar, and conſequently loſe their efficacy.

The only effectual method to leſſen the number of capital executions is to prevent crimes, and this in their earlieſt ſtages.

The great cauſes of all delinquency are gaming and idleneſs. To check the firſt, there

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are already a great number of good and wholeſome laws, were they but duly executed: perhaps to execute them impartially would be next to impoſſible, conſidering the rank and power of many perſons, even elected and hereditary legiſlators, who openly and avowedly break thoſe laws they have enacted; but in a leſs degree, the juſtices of the peace might ſurely venture to put the laws in force againſt publicans who permit gaming to be carried on in their houſes.

SCARCE any juſtice would dare to ſearch our gaming-houſes in the neighbourhood of St. James's, where he might have occaſion to commit a privy councillor, an ex-miniſter, or a ſecretary of ſtate.

THE firſt great ſtep towards a reformation of manners in this particular, and the extirpation of this vice among the higher orders could be taken only by his Majeſty, in a reſolution not to confer any place or appointment, of honour or profit, to any known gameſter, however eminent his abilities, or diſtinguiſhed his rank. Much alſo might be done by the abolition of horſe-racing. The money granted for plates would be much better applied in premiums for uſeful diſcoveries, or improvements in huſbandry, manu-

manufactures and arts. Let lotteries alſo be aboliſhed: this would ſweep away thoſe peſts to ſociety, the tribe of lottery-office keepers and inſurers, wretches who have ruined thouſands, and brought many to violent deaths.

EVERY pariſh ſhould have an hoſpital, a houſe of induſtry, and a houſe of correction.

POOR who, after a life of labour, are rendered by age or ſickneſs unable to work, to be maintained comfortably in the hoſpital, having done their duty towards the public: this would be an encouragement to other poor, who, from idleneſs, without diſhoneſty, were reduced to be employed in the houſe of induſtry. Here likewiſe ought to be employed any perſons worthy of employment; alſo thoſe, who having been tried for offences were acquitted. Juſtices to have power to oblige perſons having no viſible way of gaining a livelihood to work in the houſe of induſtry.

VAGABOND beggars, perſons pretending to ſickneſs, &c. to be ſent to the houſe of correction, and from thence, on amendment, to be removed to the houſe of induſtry.

To carry this forward a ſtock might be raiſed either by rate or voluntary ſubſcription, towards pur-

purchaſing materials for employing the different tradeſmen, ſuch as ſhoemakers, weavers, tailors, &c. with hemp, &c. for labourers.

SUPPOSE a lad, who by ſome accident has fallen into bad company, and guilty of ſome trifling felony, for which he has been tried and acquitted, either through the lenity of the jury, or for want of ſufficient evidence; ſuppoſe him turned out of court pennyleſs, without character, and in rags; how is ſuch an one honeſtly to get his next day's dinner, or night's lodging? who will employ him, or will any one take him in except his old companions? the conſequence is, he muſt of neceſſity either commit ſome freſh depredation on the public or periſh; dreadful alternative! In this caſe let the jury have authority to paſs him to his pariſh, there to be kept to labour in the houſe of correction till ſuch time as he ſhews ſome ſigns of amendment, and let him then be removed to the houſe of induſtry. I foreſee the objection that will be made to this: what, impriſon a man who has been acquitted! where is then our liberty? In anſwer to theſe objections, I ſuppoſe his guilt evident to the jury, or at leaſt his evil connections, the breaking him from which is ſuch an abridgement of

liberty as confining a perſon affected with a phrenzy, and preventing his caſting himſelf headlong from a precipice.

ALTHOUGH we well know, that general compliments mean nothing, yet our vanity is gratified by the ſuppoſition, that we are thought of ſufficient conſequence to be flattered.

NOTHING ſeems more evident, than that we have no other right to make ſlaves of the negroes than that of ſuperior abilities and power, yet it is on that right alone, that our ſuperiority over animals is founded: for inſtance, what authoriſes us to oblige horſes, aſſes, oxen, and other beaſts of draught and burden, to labour for us, except our ſuperiority in cunning? The difference of form ſurely gives no greater rights than that of colour. It is a miſerable conſideration, that the whole ſyſtem of this world is founded on the right of power, the ſtrong and cunning lording it over the weak and ſimple.

LET-

LETTER,

Giving an account of an extraordinary apparition.

SIR,

AS I know you are not one of thoſe conceited ſceptics, who affect to diſbelieve every thing they cannot explain, I here ſend you a very curious narrative concerning an apparition lately ſeen near Goſport, in Hampſhire, taken from the mouth of the party to whom it appeared; who related it to me, and is ready to teſtify the truth thereof upon oath before any magiſtrate in Great Britain: but before I proceed, permit me to obſerve, that I am well aware, that the whole will, by many of our fine gentlemen and free-thinkers, be treated as a fable, or the effects of a diſturbed imagination: but let ſuch be informed, that the notion of apparitions has prevailed from the earlieſt times,

among all nations, as well civilized as ſavages; that apparitions are mentioned in both the Old and New Teſtament; and what to theſe gentlemen may perhaps be more unexceptionable teſtimony, are treated of by many learned writers of ancient Greece and Rome. But to my ſtory.

About two miles weſt of Goſport, there lately ſtood a ſea mark, well known to all navigators by the name of Gill Kicker, near which is a burial ground, where moſt of the ſeamen who die on board the ſhips at Spithead were interred. It being thought expedient to erect a fort at this place, the Surry regiment of militia were pitched on to do that work.

To lay the foundations of this fort, it was abſolutely neceſſary to diſturb the peaceful manſions of the dead, and though the engineer and officers who ſuperintended the working parties took great pains to avoid and prevent every unneceſſary violation of theſe dormitories, yet from the inattention and wantonneſs of the ſoldiers, ſculls, thigh bones, and other remains of mortality, were too often indecently thrown about; but what attention to propriety can be expected in this atheiſtical age, when blind rea-

ſon

ſon is ſet up as a ſovereign judge in matters of faith, and the divine right of kings and tithes are denied?

In order to take care of the tools uſed in this work, a tent was pitched, in which a corporal and four men mounted guard every night; but nothing particular occurred till the 27th of the preſent month (Auguſt 1779), when this guard was mounted by Mr. Tobias Callingham, a corporal in the Southwark company of the above-mentioned regiment, a man remarkable for his ſobriety, veracity, and religious turn of mind, and therefore not only much reſpected by his officers, but alſo by all his brother ſoldiers in the ſaid company, which, if I may be indulged a digreſſion, were ever famous for their ſtrict obſervation of all the moral duties.

Corporal Callingham having, as I before mentioned, mounted his guard, paſſed the firſt part of the evening without any occurrence worth remarking; but about ten minutes after twelve at night, as he was returning from viſiting a centinel he had poſted over the tools, there ſuddenly appeared before him, at the diſtance of about ſix yards, the figure of an exceeding tall man, habited in a jacket, ſuch as is commonly worn by Dutch ſailors, a large pair of

breeches or trowſers, ſomething like a handkerchief round his neck, and on his head a whitiſh cap; he appeared to have loſt his right leg, which was ſupplied with the reſemblance of a wooden one; he had one hand in his ſide pocket, and held the other in a beckoning poſture; his countenance, to uſe the corporal's expreſſion, was ſo ghaſtly as to make his hair liſt his hat from his head; his mouth was open, as were alſo his eyes, his eye-balls fixed in the moſt frightful glare imaginable; and his whole face was of that dreadful, livid, and cadaverous hue, that marks an advanced ſtate of putrefaction. The corporal declares he ſhall remember its looks to his dying day. All this he was enabled clearly to obſerve by the light of the moon, which, at that inſtant, ſhone with great brightneſs. At this dreadful apparition he was, as may eaſily be conceived, much terrified; but recollecting himſelf, and approaching nearer to it, he was thoroughly convinced it was no human being. He therefore fervently recited the Athanaſian creed: on which he inſtantly felt a freſh acceſſion of courage: this enabled him to ſpeak to it, which he did with the uſual adjuration, demanding who he was, and what cauſed his appearance? The ſpectre pointing to a large

a large coffin, that day uncovered, vaniſhed in a flaſh of fire.

THE corporal, overcome by this dreadful ſpectacle, fell down in a fit, and in the fall diſcharged his firelock, which alarmed the guard, who with great difficulty, by the help of ſome ſtrong water, brought him to his ſenſes, but not till they had carried him back to the tent; and it is obſervable that ſince this happened, from a man of a cheerful diſpoſition, he is become extremely grave and thoughtful: it is alſo worthy of note, that though the centinel heard both Callingham's voice and the report of the piece, he did not ſee the apparition. Diverſe are the conjectures reſpecting the cauſe of this preternatural viſitation; but the general opinion is, that it is occaſioned by the diſturbance of the dead before mentioned, a matter ſtrictly prohibited by the ancients, as both indecent and impious. The large coffin to which the ſpectre pointed, accidentally breaking next day in the removal, a pipe, a knife, and a tobacco box fell out of it, which being picked up, are now in the hands of the chaplain of the Surry regiment, ready to convince ſuch as, like Thomas, the incredulous apoſtle, muſt not only ſee, but feel, before they believe.

I HAD nearly forgot to mention one very remarkable circumſtance, which is, that during the appearance of this ſpectre, a ſmall dog, called Fizgig, belonging to the corporal, ſeemed under the greateſt terror imaginable, putting his tail between his legs, and creeping as cloſe as poſſible to his maſter.

E. H.

This letter was in the author's hand writing: whether his own or tranſcribed is not certain: it was probably meant to ridicule ſome ſuperſtitious ſtory in circulation at Goſport, about the time it was written.

LETTER

LETTER

*In vindication of Sir J---ph M-wb-y.**

THE many illiberal ſarcaſms thrown out againſt that worthy patriot Sir J---ph M-wb-y, in the public papers, together with the very unfair accounts of his family, have provoked me to ſtand forth, and give the public a true and particular account of his birth, parentage, and education, in vindication of that much-injured patriot, who clearly evinces, that the greateſt deſervings are moſt liable to the fangs of detraction.

THAT the family of the M--b-ys or Malt--ys, have been long ſettled in Leiceſterſhire, appears from divers antient records and memorials, many of them of a public nature, ſuch as orders of the quarter ſeſſions, church wardens' ac-

* This ironical letter ſeems to have been intended for one of the periodical publications of the day.

counts,

counts, warrants for removals, and a multiplicity of other parochial evidences.

THERE is alſo, as far back as Henry VIII. in the houſe of correction, againſt the wall, wrote in an ancient hand, the following triplet:

Firing a ſtable,
Burning the Pope.

When this you ſee,
Remember me,
Joſeph Ma--ee.
1549.

Now tradition ſays, that this was wrote by the perſon whoſe name is therein mentioned, who was committed for breaking the popiſh juſtice's windows on a rejoicing night. This correſponds with what I have heard advanced by the worthy Baronet, namely, that his family had ſuffered in the cauſe of liberty and religion; beſides, the elegant *naiveté* of the verſification is ſo ſimilar to ſome of the preſent gentleman's performances, that to me it fully demonſtrates their conſanguinity.

HAVING thus, I think, proved the antiquity of the family, permit me to ſay ſomething of his more immediate progenitors. Methinks I ſee the good old man, his father, ſtriding his faithful Dapple, and weighing out to the poor thoſe joints of meat, which in London the unfeeling butchers

butchers bury, or throw into the Thames; I mean ſuch as were unſold at the market, and were ſomewhat advanced towards that ſtate which is ſo much eſteemed in France, and diſtinguiſhed by the title of the *Haut Goût:* in a word, he was, in the language of that country, a *cokerer*. Of the good lady, his mother, I am not ſo well inſtructed, ſaving that her declamations, probably in the cauſe of liberty, once procured her an immerſion, by the orders of an arbitrary headborough who was a tailor: and I have ſome reaſon to believe, that ſhe was the very perſon who gave ſuch a noble inſtance of perſeverance, by continuing the alluſions to his trade with her hands after her head was under water.

From anceſtors like theſe what leſs than a patriot could be expected; and ſuch was his ſteadineſs and prudence, that at the age of fifteen he was actually entruſted with the conduct of a large drove of hogs up to London, where he arrived ſafely, though not without ſome prodigies which foretold his future greatneſs: Parts like his could not remain long unnoticed; a wealthy uncle, ſtruck with his genius, put him to ſchool, where he made ſuch progreſs

as

as to be actually in *As in præſenti* at the time of his leaving the ſchool.

How greatly is it to be lamented, that, conſidering his vaſt propenſity to letters, he left ſchool ſo early as eighteen: however, there is great reaſon to hope, conſidering the aſſiduity with which he is now purſuing his ſtudies, by means of a private tutor, that he will retrieve his loſs, particularly as he is now not quite forty.

INDEED the fruits of his endeavours may be ſeen in thoſe agreeable orations with which he ſometimes charms the liſtening ſenate, and can only be equalled by the graceful manner in which they are delivered: even his enemies allow the force of his eloquence, and the beauty of his periods.

BUT whither am I running? warmed by the love of my ſubject, I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter, and ſhall reſerve the farther account of his virtues to another opportunity.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

PASQUIN.

LET-

LETTER

To the Critic of the Gentleman's Magazine.

SIR,

AS you have thought proper, in the Gentleman's Magazine of April laſt, to inſert ſome ſtrictures on my little Eſſay on Ancient Spurs, printed in the laſt volume of the Archælogia, I, in return, beg leave to make ſome obſervations on your criticiſm.

FIRST, then, I muſt obſerve, that conſidering the offices which you hold in the Antiquarian Society, there is a manifeſt impropriety in your giving any opinion at all on the ſubject of their publications; for, ſhould your judgment prove in their favour, it might be deemed intereſted and partial, if the contrary, it ſurely would ill accord with your duty to the Society, to point out the defects of any production edited under

under their ſanction, and would be, to the utmoſt of your abilities, an attack on both their honour and intereſt. Beſides, as theſe papers muſt have been voted worthy of publication by the majority of the Council, your attempt to prove the contrary is ſetting up your judgment in oppoſition to that majority: what ſhall we call this? I think it cannot properly be ſtiled modeſty.

But even ſuppoſing there might be no impropriety in your acting as a ſelf-appointed Reviewer of the Society's works, you would do well to obſerve, that criticiſm and abuſe are very different things: the one may in moſt caſes be executed by a gentleman, but the other not. Let me aſk you, who do you think will ſend papers to the Society, if, after undergoing the uſual ordeal, they are liable to your unhandſome animadverſions?

I, however, cannot ſay I am ſurpriſed at the inſult I complain of, as I am by no means a ſingular inſtance of your petulancy, eſpecially ſince you have enjoyed the means of indulging it by the poſt of reviewer to the Gentleman's Magazine; whence, like a Yankey behind a tree, you lie perdue, and fire your blunderbuſs at almoſt every

every perſon that comes within your reach, with as much aſſiduity as if you gained to yourſelf that credit of which you deprived others: thus rendering the Gentleman's Magazine, once a reſpectable compilation, the vehicle of your perſonal malignity.

But let us examine a little whether your criticiſm is more ingenious and liberal than properly directed. A perſon wiſhes to aſcertain the form of an ancient ſpur, and for information ſearches the different repoſitories where antiquities of that kind are preſerved, in order to judge from the original inſtruments: but you, Mr. Director, inform us, that the repreſentations of things are better authorities for their forms than the things themſelves, and that I ought to have ſought for the deſired information among monuments and pictures; had you fairly read the paper, you would have ſeen this had been alſo done. Indeed, was not your great diſintereſtedneſs univerſally acknowledged, we here might have been led to ſuſpect, that you meant the pictures of monuments, and referred to your own late ſepulchral publication.

In the courſe of your criticiſm you ſay, we demur to the authenticity of Don Saltero's coffee-

coffee-houſe. Is it to the coffee-houſe itſelf you demur? perhaps you may have had an extravagant bill brought you there; or is to the authenticity of the ſpur produced from thence? if the latter, permit me to aſk you, what part of my aſſertion reſpecting that inſtrument is it you object to: Is it not a ſpur? I have only given it as ſuch, and not as an ancient one: I hope, for the honeſt landlord's ſake, you will not take it for a *king's finger*.

Mr. Rowles's collection next becomes your object, introduced under the denomination of his lumber room and collection of old iron; this I underſtand is meant as a puniſhment for his having audaciouſly preſumed to out-bid you for a lot of vertu at a public auction: would it not have been better to have informed the public of his enormous offence, as otherwiſe they may think you highly deficient in morals and good breeding, thus unprovoked contemptuouſly to ſtigmatize the cabinet of a brother connoiſſeur and antiquary: but to return to your charge, you ſeem to reprobate the ſearching for a ſpur in a collection of old iron: Would you have adviſed me to hunt for it in a gingerbreak baker's ſhop?

Your

YOUR obſervation, that the ſubject might have been both enlarged and reduced, places it under a particular predicament, there being ſome works that might be advantageouſly leſſened, but not with any propriety enlarged.

HAVING thus ſhewn the futility of your criticiſm, and thereby the truth of that proverb which ſays, God ſends curſt cows ſhort horns; let me adviſe you to devote part of that time to the correction of your own multitudinous errors, which you ſo improvidently ſpend in pointing out thoſe of others, and ever to hold it in mind, that one who has a head of glaſs ſhould never engage in throwing ſtones.

G.

Copy

Copy of a letter from one of the lamp-lighters of Covent Garden theatre, to the treaſurer of that houſe.

SUR,

I am mutch as weſul, pleſs to ſend the munney by the bear; it is my whiff, and I ſetts upon thrones tell ſhe cum back.

Your humbel ſervant,

H. Tomas.

Copy of a letter written by Mr. Stoppelear, a painter and player, brother to Mr. Michael Stoppelear, to Mr. Fleetwood, who requeſted him to play Macheath.

SIR,

I thank you for the fever you intended me, but I have had a great cold and horſeneſs upon me this twelvemonth, which laſted above ſix months, and is not gone yet, and I am apprehenſive it will return.

I am

I am juſt able to keep my head above water by my painting, therefore do not chuſe to embark any more on the ſtage.

I met you laſt night according to your appointment, but you did not come; * however, if you will pleaſe to appoint any other time or place, I will not fail meeting you, whither you come or not.

*N. B. * Thus far is genuine. as I was informed by Mr. Forreſt, ſen. who was preſent when it was delivered to Mr. Fleetwood: the reſt has been added.*

LETTERS were anciently faſtened with wax and ravelled ſilk, as low as 1595, and continued till 1678. One from Chriſtine II. of Sweden, to Charles II. Sir John Cullum ſays he ſaw ſo ſecured.

This cuſtom is mentioned by Shakeſpeare in his Lover's Complaint:

> Letters ſadly penn'd in blood,
> With ſleided ſilk, feat and affectedly
> Enſwath' and ſeal'd to curious ſecrecy.

CHARLES

CHARLES V. when in the gout, s'effercoit d'ovrir la lettre de Henri, mais comme elle etoit en lacée avec de fils de ſoi, ſes doights convert de nodus et preſque perclus ne pouvoit les rompre. Hiſt. de France par M. Garnier, quoted L'Eſprit les Journeaux, Ap. 1782.

CURIOUS EXTRACTS, ANECDOTES, AND STORIES.

Extract from a regiſter, Eaſt Dean, Suſſex.

AGNES PAYNE, the daughter of Edward Payne, was buried the firſt day of February. Johan Payne, the daughter of Edward Payne, was buried the firſt day of February.

IN the death of theſe two ſiſters laſt mentioned, is one thinge worth recordinge, diligently to be noted. The eldeſt ſiſter, called Agnes, being very ſicke unto death, ſpeechleſs, and as was thought paſt hope of ſpeakinge: after ſhe

ſhe had lyen 24 hours without ſpeach, at laſt upon a ſuddayne cryed out to her ſiſter to make herſelf ready, and to come with her: her ſiſter Johan being abroad about other buſineſs, was called for, who being come to her ſick ſiſter, demaundinge howe ſhe did, ſhe very lowde or earneſtly bad her ſiſter make ready, ſhe ſtayed for her, and could not go without her: within half an houre after, Johan was taken very ſicke, which increaſinge all the night uppon her, her other ſiſter ſtill callinge her to come away, in the morninge they both departed this wretched world together. O the unſearchable wiſdom of God! How deepe are his judgments, and his ways paſt fyndinge out!

TESTIFYED by diverſe ould and honeſt perſons yet living, which I my ſelfe have hard their father, when he was alive, report.

Arther Pollande, Vic.

Henry Homewood, } Church-
John Pupp, - } wardens.

Extract

Extract from a treatiſe entitled a Chriſtian's Sacrifice, an odd leaf in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Goſtling.

"HERE let us not omit amongſt the conformities of theſe times to the world, women's painting their faces and breaſts, and laying open their ſaid breaſts moſt immodeſtly, almoſt to their waſts, yea, their picturing upon their breaſts cherries and birds, yea, the patching of them alſo, and of their faces, here a patch and there a patch. Oh abominable, oh monſtrous; the daughter of Zion before mentioned, and wicked Iſabel herſelfe, never came to this height.

To the former may be added their wearing of ſtrange haire, I mean the haire of other women, either bought of ſome that are poore, and for money glad to cut it off, to ſerve fooliſh deſires of others, or taken from the heads of ſome before dead, the which ſtrange haire likewiſe ſometimes they dye, not according to the colour of their owne haire, but white, or of ſome other colour, according to the faſhion of moſt,

ſo

that ſo all in colour of haire may be like one to another, how unlike ſoever in complexion; and all may weare one liverie, as ſerving all one miſtris; the like may be ſaid of their pendent locks, about their cheekes moſt undecently, howſoever they think themſelves adorned thereby, and directly contrary to the precept of Paul and Peter. I ſuppoſe alſo, that if they knew their butter to be made by any wearing ſuch lockes, they would not very willingly eat thereof. I could ſpeake more homely hereof, but that I thinke ſome do it more of ignorance, and cuſtome, and to ſatisfie the minds of ſome other, either huſbands, or parents, or miſtreſſes, than of any pride they take therein, either not knowing or not remembring what holy ſcripture hath ſaid againſt the ſame.

But let us dive a little deeper into theſe deepe abominations of theſe times, drawne from the deepe pit of Hell itſelf. How therefore have men and women changed their ſexe (as much as they can) one with another? Men wearing long haire like unto women, and women cutting off their haire like unto boyes, or beardleſſe young men, wearing nothing thereon but hats, pulling them alſo off to ſuch as they meete.

meete. Oh monſtrous, oh monſtrous. Are not theſe things in men, and alſo in women, directly contrary to the apoſtle's doctrine? Is not the doing of either or both, to gaineſay to the face of the apoſtle?

Longevity of the tortoiſe.

IN the library at Lambeth Palace is the ſhell of a land tortoiſe, brought to that palace by Archbiſhop Laud, about the year 1633, which lived to the year 1753, when it was killed by the inclemency of the weather; a labourer in the garden having, for a trifling wager, digged it up from its winter retreat, and neglecting to replace it, a froſty night, as is ſuppoſed, killed it.

ANOTHER tortoiſe was placed in the epiſcopal houſe at Fulham, by Biſhop Laud, when Biſhop of that ſee, *anno* 1628: this died a natural death *anno* 1753. What were the ages of theſe tortoiſes at the time they were placed in the above gardens, is not known. Doctor Andrew Coltee Ducarel, who told me this anecdote, had often ſeen both theſe animals.

Anecdotes

Anecdote relating to the death of Anne Weatherly, late of Whitſtable, A. D. 1775.

ANNE WEATHERLY, a young married woman, about a month or ſix weeks ago, accompanied her father to Hearne, a village about five or ſix miles from Whitſtable. On their return home, ſhe aſked her father twice if he did not ſee Death ſtanding before them; once in the path-way in the field, another time at a ſtyle where they were to get over. He for ſome time endeavoured to laugh her out of it, as a mere whim. She continually aſſerted that ſhe had actually ſeen Death: ſoon after which ſhe became blind; the diſorder then fell into her legs, ſo that it was with great difficulty ſhe got home, was put to bed immediately, and died in a very few days.

THIS I had from her own brother.

ANNO ------- Colonel Guy Johnſon, walking with his wife into Ticonderago, in America, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw a man then abſent making a coffin out of ſome particular planks of wood, which ſhe deſcribed; and farther ſaid, ſhe ſaw her name on it: this ſhe told to many perſons, and within four days afterwards ſhe fell ſick and died. The ſame man ſhe ſaw returning was employed to make her coffin, and could find no wood proper for it, but was obliged to uſe ſome thick oak boards, deſigned for mantlets, apparently ſuch as ſhe had deſcribed.

This account I had from Colonel Johnſon.

APRIL, 1788, Mr. Newton, the architect, told me the following ſtory reſpecting Mr. Stuart, called the Athenian.

A day or two before Mr. Stuart's death, his maid-ſervant being cleaning the ſtairs, thought ſhe

ſhe ſaw her maſter come out of his bed-room in his night-cap, then go into his ſtudy, and thence come down ſtairs paſt her with uncommon quickneſs. As ſhe had left him with Mrs. Stuart at dinner, ſhe was much ſurpriſed at it, and went into the parlour and told her maſter and miſtreſs what ſhe had ſeen. Mr. Stuart reproved her, and bid her go about her buſineſs, affirming he had never been out of the room; he was at that time in good health: ſince his death, which happened ſuddenly, both the maid-ſervant and Mrs. Stuart confirmed this ſtory to Mr. Newton.

SOMEWHAT like this happened to Mr. Stuart himſelf; his ſon, a child of ſix or ſeven years of age, being in bed ſick of the ſmall pox, Mr. Stuart ſitting in his ſtudy, ſaw this child come to the table with a pencil in his hand, as was his cuſtom, and that he drew ſomething on it, or ſeemed to do; this he told Mrs. Stuart. The child died, and Mr. Stuart would never ſit in that room afterwards, but brought down his papers, books, &c. into the parlour.

A London friend ſent Mr. *Auſten*, of *Rocheſter*, the following *moſt extraordinary ſublime lines* in *manuſcript*, ſaid to be *written by nearly an Idiot*, living ſtill March 16, 1779) at *Cirenceſter:*

" Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was the whole earth of parchment made,
Was every ſingle ſtick a quill,
Was every man a ſcribe by trade:
To write the love of *God* alone,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor would the ſcroll contain the whole,
Tho' ſtretch'd from ſky to ſky."

MR. Goſtling, ſen. paſſing by Bartholomew Cloſe, in company with his father, the old gentleman pointed to a houſe, where he ſaid dwelt a man, who, at the fire of London, found means to ſave the ſacramental plate of St. Paul's, which

which he kept till that church was rebuilt; and when it was to be opened, he waited on the Dean, and told him, he need be under no kind of care about providing ſacramental plate, as he would produce a ſet; which he accordingly did; and on receiving the thanks of the Dean, told him how he came by it: upon which the Dean changed his note, and ſaid he was to blame in keeping it ſo private, as thereby had he died it would have been loſt to the church. "Not ſo," replied he, "Mr. Dean, for I had mentioned it in my will." He alſo remembers a centinel with a pike, at Windſor palace gate. This was about ſeventy years ago, *i. e.* about 1706.

The Rev. Mr. Wood, of Douglas, told me the following ſtory of a Mr. Coſnan, which his father had from his own mouth.*

THIS gentleman's houſe was haunted by a ludicrous demon, who played a thouſand monkey tricks, ſuch as ſcribbling upon a newly-plaſtered

* Mr. Coſnan was miniſter of Church-Santon.

wall; and once at noon-day, Mr. Stanton throwing a ſtone acroſs a river, it was returned to him by an inviſible hand, and that an hundred times ſucceſſively: that he might not be miſtaken, he had the precaution to mark it. This ſtory making a noiſe, ſeveral ſubſtantial farmers called in to enquire into the truth of it: one among them doubting it, and in diſplaying his eloquence ſtriking his hand on the table, a ſtone ſuddenly fell from the cieling near his hand and ſtuck in the table, to the great aſtoniſhment of the whole company.

Story of Six-bottle Jack.

TWENTY-TWO clergymen of the iſle of Man, having met on a political convocation, the ſubject to be diſcuſſed proved ſo dry that forty-four bottles of claret were drunk in diſcuſſing it: Parſon Jack amuſed himſelf in arranging the empty bottles round the room where the meeting was held. Some pickthank told the effects of this meeting to Biſhop Hildeſley, who, being a very abſtemious man, at the next convocation expa-

expatiated much on this horrid exceſs, as he called it. During his harangue, the eyes of the whole company were turned on Parſon Jack, as the ſubject of the Biſhop's admonition, as he only mentioned things in general. Jack ſeeing their miſtake, loudly exclaimed, "You are miſtaken, gentlemen, his Lordſhip does not mean me, he ſpeaks only *of two bottles*, and he very well knows I am a ſix-bottle man."

A curious Diſſeration on Heraldry.

As I have heard there ſhould be another deviſion of gentry, which you have not touched; and that is a gentleman both ſpirituall and temporall, as when a perſon beeing eyther a gentleman of bloud or coat armour is admitted into the holye order of prieſthoode; this is a gentleman ſpirituall and temporall: ſpirituall in reſpect of his canonical orders; temporall by reaſon of his bloud and coat armour. Chriſt was a gentleman as to his fleſh, by the part of his mother, (as I have read), and might, if he had eſteemed of the vayne glory of this worlde

whereof he often ſayde his kingdom was not, have borne coat armour. The Apoſtles alſo (as my author telleth me) were gentlemen of bloud: and manye of them deſcended from that worthy conqueror Judas Maccabeus; but through the tract of time, and perſecution of wars, poverty oppreſſed the kindred, and they were conſtrayned to ſervile works. So were the four doctors and fathers of the church, (Ambroſe, Auguſtine, Hierome, and Gregorie) gentlemen, both of bloud and coat armours. I have been taught how that ſuch a gentleman of bloud, admitted into holye orders, ought to take two of his neareſt coats and marſhal them in his ſhielde, in a fielde, parted per chevron, the one above, the other beneath. The Glory of Generoſitie, page 98.

Blazon of Gentrie; by John Ferne, 1586.

Superſtitious notions.

THE wounds of a murdered perſon will bleed afreſh on the touch of the murderer.

IF a witch is cut or ſcratched by any one, ſo as to draw blood, ſhe can have no power over them.

them. It ſeems evident ſhe never had, otherwiſe ſhe would prevent ſuch an outrage.

A witch cannot ſay the Lord's Prayer; a witch cannot ſtep over two ſtraws or ſwitches laid croſs-wiſe.

If the urine, hair, and pairings of the nails, of a perſon bewitched, be put in an earthen jar, with ſome horſe-nails, and hung up in the chimney, the witch will be in the greateſt torment imaginable, and under the neceſſity of endeavouring to get the bottle or jar into her poſſeſſion.

WIGS.

The wig has ſerved as a diſtinguiſhing mark to ſeveral perſons in latter times.

Lieutenant-General Whitford, colonel of the 9th regiment, was known throughout the army by the nick-name of White Wig.

Two General Pattiſons were alſo diſtinguiſhed on a foreign expedition by the titles of Queue and Toupie.

Mr.

MR. Wood, of the artillery, was diſtinguiſhed from another officer of the ſame name in that corps, by the appellation of Wig-Wood.

GENERAL Skinner, the engineer, generally wore a large black wig. At Belliſle, a ſerjeant, who had heard him deſcribed by his wig, ſeeing him coming, turned out his guard by crying, "Turn out the guard, the wig! the wig!

Extempore Verſes, by a Watchmaker of ---------- in Dorſetſhire, on that Corporation; ſuppoſed to be under the influence of Mr. Banks and Mr. Bond, gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

DAMN'D in with Banks,
Bound in by Bonds,
Ye dupes and ſlaves to men;
Cancel your Bonds,
Break down your Banks,
Then you'll be free again.

A hand-

A hand-bill ſtuck up in ſeveral parts of the city of Dublin, July 31, 1784.

THIS is to certify, that I Daniel O'Flannaghan, am not the perſon that was tarred and feathered by the Liberty mob, on Tueſday laſt; and I am ready to give twenty guineas to any one that will lay me fifty, that I am the other man who goes by my name.

Witneſs my hand, this 30th July.

Daniel O'Flannaghan.

Written on the breaſt of an emblematical figure of Gluttony, affixed againſt a public houſe in the corner of Cock-lane, Pye-corner.

* This boy is a memorial ſet up for the fire of London, occaſioned by the ſin of gluttony 1666.

A kind of verſe on the above occaſion.

* Ironmonger-lane was red-fire hot,
Milk-ſtreet boiled over,
It began at Pudding-lane,
And ended at Pie-corner.

EPI-

EPITAPHS.*

On a Serjeant of the Surry militia.

HALT, ſoldier, paſs not by in ſuch a hurry!
Here lies a ſerjeant of the royal Surry;
John Dennis nam'd, a portly grenadier,
Whom all the privates did both love and fear.
Two companies he paid, yet none could ſay
He ever wrong'd a ſoldier of his pay.
Grim Death, alas! whoſe roſter all muſt prove,
Warn'd him for duty in the heavens above;
Mean time his body here muſt reſt in clay,
Until turn'd out the laſt grand muſter day!

* The author has made a very large collection of epitaphs; of theſe the moſt curious have been ſelected; a few of the firſt are apparently of the author's own compoſing.

Epitaph,

Epitaph, in the true ſtone-cutter's ſtyle.

HERE lies the body of Thomas Dollman,
A vaſtly fat, tho' not a very tall man;
Pay ſerjeant was he in the Royal Surry,
A better *I thinks* you'll not ſee in a hurry:
Full twenty ſtone he weigh'd, yet I am told,
His captain thought him worth his weight in gold;
Grim death, *who ne'er to nobody* ſhews favor,
Hurried him off, for all his good behaviour;
Regardleſs of his weight, he bundled him away,
'Fore any one Jack Robinſon could ſay:
Soldier take care, and by him pray take warning,
You may be dead ere night, tho' alive and well in the morning.

On a Wife.

MY dame and I, full twenty years,
Liv'd man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone the Lord knows whither.
Of tongue ſhe was exceeding free,
I purpoſe not to flatter;
Of all the wives that e'er I ſee,
None e'er like her could chatter;

Her

Her body is diſpoſed well,
A comely grave doth hide her;
And ſure her ſoul is not in hell,
The devil could never abide her;
Which makes me think ſhe is aloft;
For in the laſt great thunder
Methought I heard her well-known voice
Rending the clouds aſunder.

On one Munday, who hanged himſelf.

SACRED be the Sabbath, fie on filthy pelf;
Tueſday begins the week, Munday hath hang'd himſelf.

On a Dyer.

I lived by dying, and acquired much wealth,
Stuffs long I dyed, but laſtly died myſelf.

Another.

I dyed to live, and yet tho' ſtrange moſt true,
By dying loſt my life and buſineſs too.

On a Seaman.

My watch perform'd, lo here at reſt I lay,
Not to turn out till reſurrection day.

On a Taylor.

Cabbaged by death and in his eye laid by,
The remnant of a taylor here doth lye.

On Alderman W——, of Guildford, by Nicholas Turner, Eſq. of Stoke.

Here lies C—— W——n, maker of pipes,
Who died Sunday ſe'night of a fit of the gripes;
He was a broker, and a ſworn appraiſer,
Yet he hardly new a candleſtick from a razor;
He was an alderman of our town, and twice mayor,
But they tell me he could not read the Lord's prayer:
Which ſhews how little learning it does require
To be made His Worſhip, Mr. Mayor, and an Eſquire;

He

He was ſo ſtingy, I have heared him ſay often,
He would be bury'd in a ſecond-hand coffin:
So I bought him one, as you know I muſt,
For I was appointed his executor in truſt.
I put upon it C——— W——ton, eſquire,
It looked as new as if it came out of the fire;
It had braſs nails, and lacquered hinges,
It was as fine as tho' it came from the Indies.
So the bell rung, and all the aldermen came,
Except Maſter Allen, and he was very lame;
So they talk'd how the poor man grew ſicker and ſicker;
They eat ſome manchet, and had five ſhillings worth of liquor.
Then Parſon Baniſter came, as fierce as any Derviſe,
So I gave him a ſcarf, and he read the ſervice:
But leſt you ſhould think me indoctus et brevis,
I muſt ſay ſomething, ſo ſit tibi terra levis.
Lay heavy on him clay, 'tis now your turn,
And the burn'd child cannot forget the burn;
Don't you remember the injuries he has done,
How he has wetted you, and dried you, and ſet you in the ſun?

If

If theſe are injuries you can forgive,
In this world I am ſure you are not fit to live:
Lay heavy on him clay, preſs him down well,
He's in his laſt mould, ſo friends adieu, farewell.

On a diſorderly fellow named CHEST.

HERE lies one Cheſt within another;
That cheſt was good that's made of wood;
But who'll ſay ſo of t'other?

On Evan Rice, huntſman to Sir Thomas Manſel; ſaid to have been written by Biſhop Atterbury.

Vos qui colitis Hubertum,
Inter Divos jam repertum,
Cornu, quod concedens fato
Reliquit vobis, inſonato
Lætos ſolvite canores
In ſingultus et dolores;
Nam quis non triſti ſonet ore,
Conclamato Venatore?
Aut ubi dolor juſtus, niſi
Ad tumulum *Evani Riſi?*
Hic per abrupta et per plana
Nec pede tardo, nec ſpe vanâ;

Canib us

Canibus et telis egit,
Omne quod in ſylvis deget;
Hic evolavit mane puro
Cervis ocyor ac Euro,
Venaticis intentus rebus,
Tum cum medius ardet Phœbus;
Indefeſſus adhuc quando
Idem occidit venando.
At vos, venatum, illo duce,
Non ſurgetis alia luce;
Nam Mors mortalium venator,
Qui, ferinæ nunquam ſatur
Curſum prævertit humanum,
Proh dolor rapuit Evanum;
Nec meridies, nec Aurora,
Vobis reddent ejus ora;
Reſtat illi-nobis flenda
Nox perpetuo dormienda;
Finivit multa laude motum,
In ejus ſitu large notum;
Reliquit equos, cornu, canes:
Tandem quieſcant ejus manes.

Evan Rice
Thomas Manſel ſervo fideli, dominus bene-
volens poſuit.

On Evan Rice; Engliſhed by the Reverend Mr. Goſtling.

YE votaries of Hubert come,
(Saint Hubert he is call'd at Rome)
Ye who delight the horn to wind,
Which he to leave you was ſo kind;
Change your jolly hunting cries
To lamentations, ſobs and ſighs.
For who the loſs will not bemoan
Of a keen ſportſman dead and gone;
Or who the tribute of our eyes
May better claim than Evan Rice?
Over the hills and through the plain,
With feet not ſlow and hopes not vain,
All ſorts of game, that fly or run,
He would purſue with dog and gun;
At break of day ere Phœbus ſhin'd,
Swifter than deer, ſwifter than wind,
Intent on ſport he would be gone;
Nor did he mind the heats of noon,
Unwearied till the want of light
Would force him home to reſt at night.
But all muſt now his death deplore,
He'll call you out to ſport no more;

The

The more unwearied hunter, Death,
Who runs down all things that have breath.
Who ſpares no creature under Heaven,
Alas! hath overtaken Evan.
No more ſhall you, at noon or morn,
Behold his face or hear his horn;
He's gone to his perpetual ſleep,
While for him ye that knew him weep.
He finiſh'd decently his courſe,
Left hound and horn, left dog and horſe;
Of characters he bore the beſt,
Long may his bones in quiet reſt!

On Mr. Croft, a ſtaymaker.

READER, this tomb a *body* chang'd contains,
Who many *boddice* form'd with won'rous pains:
Poor *Crofts* is now no more, how ſhort his *ſtay!*
Tho' he for others *ſtays* made many a day.
The Fates, alas! his thread too ſoon have cut,
And in one grave his bones and bodkins put:
The power of death from hence learn nought eſcapes;
For he's a ſhadow now, that dealt in ſhapes:
And learn, ye Britiſh fair, this fix'd decree,
Nor ſhape nor beauty from the grave is free.

On

On John Underwood.

AH cruel death! that doſt no good,
With thy deſtructive maggots;
Now thou haſt cropt our *Underwood*,
What ſhall we do for *faggots?*

On John and Edward Topham.

READER, we from this monument may gather,
John Topham was one Edward Topham's father;
And what's more ſtrange, we find upon this ſtone,
That Edward Topham was John Topham's ſon.

In Biddeford Church-yard, Devon.

THE wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
But ere that day did come, alas!
He ſicken'd and he die did.

In Dorcheſter Church-yard.

FRANK, from his Betty ſnatch'd by fate,
Shows how uncertain is our ſtate:

He

He ſmil'd at morn at noon lay dead,
Flung from a horſe that kick'd his head:
But though he's gone, from tears refrain,
At judgment he'll get up again;
And then to heaven poſt-haſte he'll ride,
And ſit with Betty by his ſide.

Sir John Trollop, Knt. is ſaid to have had a grave dug for himſelf ſome years before his deceaſe, in the chancel of a church built at his expence: by the ſide of the grave was placed his own figure in marble, with the right hand pointing to the building and his left to the grave: on his breaſt were painted the following lines:

I, Sir John Trollop,
Made theſe ſtones roll-up;
When God ſhall take my ſoul up,
My body ſhall fill that hole up.

On the lady of Dr. Greenwood, of -----, who died in child-bed.

O cruel tyrant, Death! thou haſt cut down
The faireſt *Greenwood* in all this town:
Her worth and amiable qualities were ſuch,
She certainly deſerv'd a lord or a judge;

But

But her piety and great humility
Rather made her chuſe a doctor of divinity:
For which heroic act among the reſt,
She was juſtly deem'd the Phœnix of her ſex;
And, like that bird, a young ſhe did create,
To comfort thoſe ſhe left diſconſolate.
My grief for her was ſo ſore,
That I can only utter four lines more:
For her's and other good women's ſake,
Never let a bliſter be put upon a lying-in-woman's back;
For in all diſorders of the bladder and womb,
It never fails, I think, to bring the patient to the tomb.

On a Lieutenant of marines.

HERE lies retir'd from buſy ſcenes,
A firſt lieutenant of marines;
Who lately liv'd in peace and plenty,
On board the ſhip nam'd Diligente.
Now ſtrip'd of all his warlike ſhew,
And laid in box of elm below;
Confin'd in earth in narrow borders,
He riſes not till further orders.

On a Sailor; in Leoſtoffe church-yard, Suffolk.

THO' Boreas' winds, tempeſtuous waves
Have toſt me to and fro,
In ſpite of both, by God's decree,
I harbour here below;
And tho' at anchor here I lie,
With many of our fleet,
Yet once again I hope to riſe,
My admiral Chriſt to meet,

In the church-yard of Seven Oaks, Kent.

GRIM death took me without any warning,
I was well at night, and dead at nine in the morning.

In Weſt Grinſtead church-yard, Suſſex.

VAST ſtrong was I, but yet did dye,
And in my grave aſleep I lye;
My grave is ſteaned round about,
Yet I hope the Lord will find me out.

On

On ------- Du Bois, a fencing-maſter, born in a baggage waggon, and killed in a duel: ſaid to be written by Lord Rochford.

BEGOT in a cart, in a cart firſt drew breath,
Carte and tierce was his life, and a carte was his death!

In Rocheſter church-yard, Kent: in memory of Sarah Elway, of the pariſh of Breadpoor.

Tho' young ſhe was,
Her youth could not withſtand,
Nor her protect from death's
Impartial hand.
Life is a cobweb, be we e'er ſo gay,
And death a broom
That ſweeps us all away.

On a grave-ſtone in St. Margaret's Church-yard, Rocheſter.

CHRIST's death my life, my life to death is portal,
So through two deaths I have one life immortal.

In the church-yard of Chriſt-church, Hants, on the weſt ſide of the path leading to the porch.

We were not ſlayne, but rays'd,
Rays'd not to life;
But to be buried twice,
By men of ſtrife.

What reſt could living have,
When dead had none?
Agree amongſt you,
Heere we ten are one.

Hen. Rogers died April 17th, 1764.
I. R.

The meaning of the above Epitaph is doubtful. Tradition ſays it alludes to the following fact. The bodies of ten drowned perſons being driven on ſhore, were buried in the field of a man who conſidered it as an invaſion on his property, and cauſed them to be dug up again, when they were removed to the church-yard. The ſtone on which this inſcription was engraved, having been thrown down and almoſt buried, was cleaned and again ſet up by Mr. Richmond, of Chriſt-church.

On

On Thomas Day, in the church-yard at Iſlington, 1784.

ART thou alive Thomas?—Yes, with God on high,
Art thou not dead Thomas?—Yes, and here I lie.
I that with men on earth did live to die;
Died for to live with God eternally.

In Alresford Church-yard, Hampſhire: on an officer in the exciſe.

No ſupervisor's check he fears,
Now no commiſſioner obeys;
He's free from cares, entreaties, tears,
And all the heavenly orb ſurveys.

On John Treffry, Eſq.

HERE in this chancell do I ly,
Known by the name of John Treffry,
Being made and born for to dye,
So muſt thou, friend, as well as I:
Therefore good works be ſure to try,
But chiefly love and charity;

And ſtill on them with faith rely,
So be happy eternally.
Soli Deo gloria.

This was put up during the lifetime of Mr. Treffry, by his direction; he was a whimſical kind of man: he had his grave digged, and lay down and ſwore in it, to ſhew the ſexton a novelty, i. e. *a man ſwearing in his grave.*

At the eaſt end of the chancel of Ledbury church, Herefordſhire, lies interred Charles Godwyn, (ſon of Biſhop Godwyn,) and Dorothy his wife, with this conceited inſcription:

Præibit Dorothea,
Sequetur Carolus,
Ambo reſurgent.

God-wyn the one, God won the other.

On John Langdon, organ-builder and phyſician: written by a ſchoolmaſter near Cambridge.

Muſicus et medicus Langdon jacet hicce Johannes.
Organa namque loqui fecerat ipſe quaſi.

Phyſician and muſician both, John Langdon lieth here,
Who tuneful organs made to ſpeak, a ſort of as it were.

On Mr. Levett's huntſman, interred in Green-hill church-yard, near Litchfield, Staffordſhire.

HERE's run to ground juſt in his prime,
The ſtouteſt huntſman of his time;
None e'er lov'd better hound or horſe,
No ditch till this e'er ſtopp'd his courſe.
Tho' out at length he here is caſt,
By fate untimely hurry'd;
Yet in at death, he'll be at laſt,
When Death himſelf is worried.

On a Bailiff.

HERE lies a bailiff, who oft arreſted men,
And for large bribes did let them go again;
Now ſeiz'd by Death, no gold can ſet him free,
For Death's a catchpole proof againſt a fee.

The following epitaph, made by a huſband on the deceaſe of his ſecond wife, who happened to be interred immediately adjoining his former one, is copied from a ſtone in a church yard in the county of Kent.

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who was a good wife, and never vex'd one:
I can't ſay that for her at the next ſtone!

A clergyman in Eſſex, near the place gave me (T. A.) *from his own mouth, the following odd epitaph, that actually ſtill exiſts in Edmington church-yard, Eſſex.*

" Hic jacet *Newberryldill,*
Vitam finivit cum Cohice Pill.
Quis adminiſtravit?
Bellamy Su.
Quantum quantitat?
Neſcio. Sciſne tu?
Ne ſutò ultra crepidam.
Obiit Anno Dom. 1242. Ætat. 24."

N. B. *The clerk or church-wardens are allowed a ſmall ſalary to keep it always in repair.*

On a publican.

A jolly landlord once was I,
And kept the Old King's Head, hard by,
Sold mead and gin, cyder and beer,
And eke all other kinds of cheer;
Till Death my licenſe took away,
And put me in this houſe of clay;
A houſe at which you all muſt call,
Sooner or later, great and ſmall.

On

On a ſailor: in Harwich church-yard.

OH! why ſhould I be loth to die,
That liv'd ſo long in pain?
To be with Chriſt is ever beſt,
With him for to remain:
But when pale Death drew my laſt breath,
He freed me from all pain.
He's anchor'd me here, without deſpair,
Amidſt my little fleet;
Yet once again we muſt ſet ſail
Our Admiral Chriſt to meet.

Another.

THO' Boreas' blaſts and Neptune's waves
Have toſs'd me to and fro,
Yet, ſpite of both, by God's decrees,
I harbour here below.

In Northleach church, Glouceſterſhire, on a perſon of the name of Stone.

JERUSALEM's curſe was ne'er fulfill'd in me,
For here a ſtone upon a Stone you ſee.

In

In the north chancel in Boughton Church, on a marble ſtone is the following epitaph; written in old-print letters.

I now that lye within this marble ſtone,
Was call'd Thomas Hawkins by my name,
My terme of life an hundred years and one,
King Henry the Eighth I ſerv'd, which won me ffame,
Who was to me a gracious prince allwaies,
And made me well to ſpend my aged daies.

My ſtature high, my body huge and ſtrong,
Excelling all that lived in mine age;
But nature ſpent, death would not tarry long,
To fetch the pledge which life had laid to gauge.
My fatal day, if thou deſireſt to know,
Behold the figures written here below.
15th March, 1587.

Tradition ſays that this Thomas Hawkins was the firſt yeoman of the guard.

In

In Hearne church-yard, Kent.

HERE lies a piece of Chriſt, a ſtar in duſt,
A vein of gold, a China diſh, that muſt
Be us'd in Heaven when God ſhall feed his juſt.
Approved by all, and loved ſo well,
Tho young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.
1737.

In Guildford church-yard.

READER paſs on, ne'er waſte your time
On bad biography and bitter rhyme;
For what I am this cumb'rous clay inſures,
And what *I was*, is no affair of yours.

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